Saturday Review

October 5, 1968 35¢

# OPINION POLLING IN THE U.S.S.R.

By John Lear

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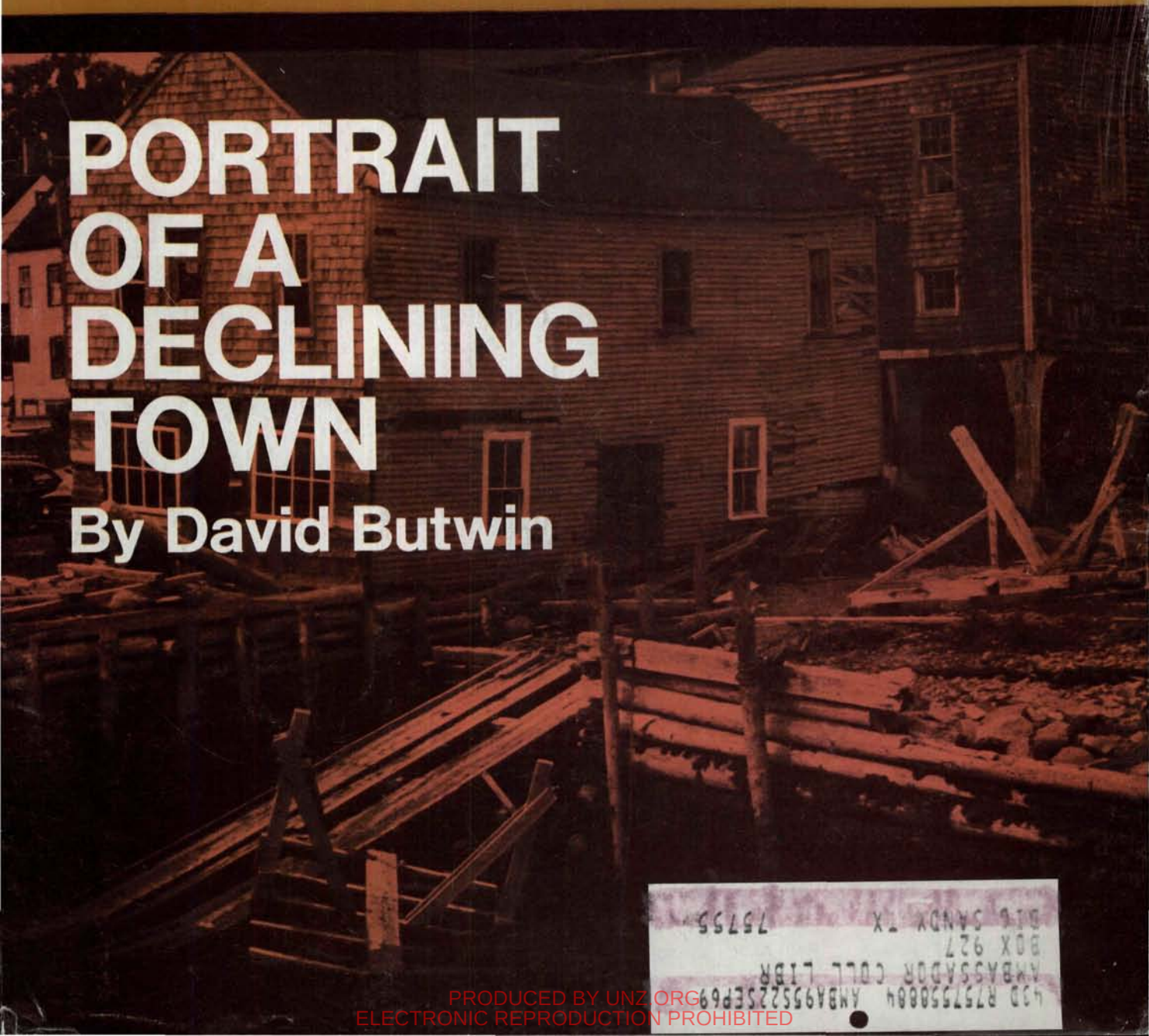

# PORTRAIT OF A DECLINING TOWN

By David Butwin

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# Looks like Hell, doesn't it?

It is "Hell"—a detail from a painting in Madrid's ıdo Museum.

But it really isn't a biblical Hell.

As John Canaday points out in the Metroitan Museum Seminars in Art, burnings and torture y only a minor part here. The real torture is the torture the spirit.

Observe the ashen face of the large head peering t onto a Dali-esque nightmare. Its agony is not caused physical pain but by the grotesque world in which it sts, a world from which all order and reason have dispeared, a world indeed very much like our own today.

Yet if you think this is a contemporary surrealist nment on the sickness of our time—think again.

"Hell" was painted by Hieronymous Bosch—ır centuries before Dali and Sigmund Freud.

Helping you see why the work of great artists s universal meaning for men of all times is a central the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art—a of assisted self-education created by the Museum

Each of the twelve seminars is a handsome portfolio, the core of which is an essay on one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black and white reproductions and a dozen separate colorplates.

As you compare these masterpieces, Mr. Canaday clarifies their differences and similarities, and so reveals the basic things to look for in any painting.

Soon, paintings will be much more than "good" or "bad" to you. You'll know what to see, feel, and think about when you look at art. As a parent, you'll be able to share with your children an appreciation that can give them a lifelong interest in art.

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One of the privileges of editing books is that you come to meet some of the outstanding journalists and therefore learn more about the time you live in. It has been my pleasure to know some of the great investigative reporters, men who follow in the tradition of Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens, whether or not they practice that unfortunately-named brand of journalism called muckraking.

Among those men are Haynes Johnson of the *Washington Star*, Clark Mollenhoff of the Cowles papers, and J. Harry Jones, Jr., of the *Kansas City Star*.

Jones is (like Johnson) the son of a reporter and (like Mollenhoff) the writer of series on organized crime and on politics. His exposé of the nursing home industry won him a commendation in the Newspaper Guild's Heywood Broun competition.

Jones' series on the Minutemen won him a contract from Doubleday. The pieces were read by our Regional Sales Manager, Ray Simpson, who lives in Kansas City, and we signed Jones up within a few days. The book took longer—for the story would not sit still and keeping it (bad pun) up to the minute was a problem.

But now it is all there, a movement captured, in THE MINUTEMEN. It tells the story of those men and groups who are, right now, amassing stores of weapons throughout the country, training for what they see as a necessary, "patriotic," guerilla war.

Jones had the cooperation of Robert DePugh, National Coordinator of the Minutemen, who realized that Jones was apt to give the organization the fairest and most scrupulously honest treatment it was likely to get. DePugh is, at this writing, unable to cooperate further. He is in hiding, the object of a search by the F.B.I. after a federal grand jury indictment concerning a conspiracy to rob banks in Seattle.

*L.L. Day*

**EDITOR-AT-LARGE**

*The Minutemen* ($6.95), by J. Harry Jones, Jr., is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 8131 Forsythe Boulevard, Clayton, Missouri 63105.

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How is this? ▼

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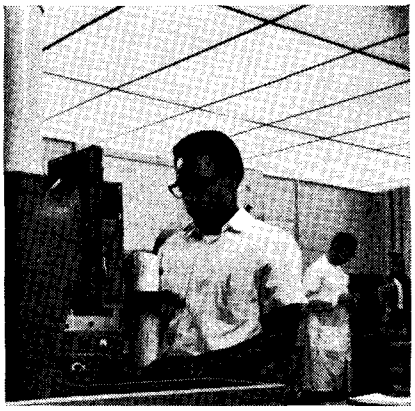
## Getting in



Ralph Brown's case sounds a little too pat:

Family migrated from Plymouth, Fla., to Rochester, where father became moulder in foundry. Inner-city grade school raises visions of scientific career. Visions busted in resounding flunk of high school chemistry. Quits school. Goes slack. Hangs around street corners late at night jeering at fate. Wakes up in Air Force blues one day on isle of Crete. Decides to try for job in foundry alongside dad. When hitch is up, dad disagrees. Suggests applying to Kodak.

Policy has long demanded good high school grades for lab assistants. Policy must face up to the facts of the day. Hired as laboratory trainee. Does much better than in high school. Raised to regular employee of department that tests ingredients of photographic paper and checks production steps. Undertakes evening course at community college. Makes passing grade. Marries.

Switches on September 9, 1968 to manning x-ray fluorescence spectrometer. Two-man night team receives paper samples by pneumatic tube from various stages of production and checks amount of Ag, Si, Ti, Cr, Mo, and Ba present. College by day. One of these nights may find self in position where our profit on many acres of photographic paper will hang on his judgment and alertness. Confident. Getting the insider's view. Unashamed of that. Hopes to move into management some day. Wouldn't surprise us in the least. Might surprise the high school chemistry teacher, though.

More typical laboratory trainee is José D-----. "Disadvantaged" more applicable here. Hesitate to put him under more pressure by displaying his picture. Schooling ended with 6th grade in Puerto Rico. English weak. Joins Job Corps. One of crew of compatriots sent to Medina, N.Y., fruit-belt town west of Rochester. Assigned as orderly in Veterans' Hospital. Peeks into a laboratory. Seems like nice place. Kodak personnel man visits camp. Told that José wants to work in lab. OK, hired into lab trainee program. Goes on payroll. Put through intensive educational upgrading. 3 R's for adults not the same as for kids. Afternoons devoted to atomic weights, spectrophotometers, densitometers, melting points, distillations, extractions, making soap, making oil of wintergreen. Incredible what the advanced educators we engage are trying these days. José hangs on! Soon should reach point where his work needn't be checked at every step. Due for raise then.

José not the real problem either. Real problem those who just can't get interested. Haven't been able to solve that yet.

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# First of the Month

*Cleveland Amory*

**September was the month** of Nixon and Agnew, Humphrey and Muskie, and Wallace and nobody. It was also the month of a strange anachronism known as Richard Daley. First with his malaprop press conference ("The policeman is there to preserve disorder"), then with his seventy-seven-page "White Paper"—lily, of course—and, finally, with his remarkably unspecial "Special," he managed to come up with pretty near a solid month of his own Daley news. There was only one trouble. Chicago's mayor chose to ignore the chief issue—which was not just the inept handling of a police department, but the rigging of a whole national convention. On his "Special," he protested too much—particularly about protesting—and obviously liked to manage his own news almost as much as he likes to manage other people's. Nonetheless, he came out the same at the other end of the tube—a boob.

**Curiously enough,** one of the many disappointments at Chicago was the undoing of many long hours of fine work on the part of one of our old favorites, Walter Cronkite. It is hard to speculate on what possessed Mr. Cronkite to interview Chicago's mayor in such fawning fashion—frankly, we prefer not to.

**In the aftermath** of Chicago the Democratic cause looked dismal indeed. During the month, Humphrey people sent countless desperate, conciliatory letters to McCarthy supporters of all sizes and stripes. But, save for the professional power boys, it was obviously going to be very difficult to convince the average McCarthyite that anybody but Humphrey and Humphrey alone could have put an immediate stop to Daley's clubmen.

**Traveling in a plane** from Washington, D.C., to Bridgeport, Connecticut, during the month, we were pleasantly surprised when a man sat down beside us whom we almost did not recognize as the almost-new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. "It's all not been an attack on me," Justice Abe Fortas told us, "it's been an attack on the Court—on the liberality of its decisions—by that part of the Senate which feels that the Court has usurped its powers. . . . But the Court has declared itself irrevocably on the side of equal justice for everybody—including the poor and the black—and, whatever happens to me, no one will be successful in setting back the clock. We shall never again return to the days when justice for some people will be in

the back room of the police station at the end of a nightstick."

**We also talked** during the month to Robert Vaughn, the man from U.N.C.L.E., who was among those trapped in Prague when the Russians took over—the others being Ben Gazzara, Steve McQueen, Bradford Dillman, and, of all people, Shirley Temple Black. Among other things, Mr. Vaughn told us that the movie he was making, *The Bridge at Remagen*, had hired a good part of the Czechoslovakian army—both as Americans and Germans—and as we left Mr. Vaughn we got to wondering if that might be one way to stop war—to let the movie companies, on a permanent basis, hire *all* armies.

**Our favorite story** of the month was the TV quiz show in which a lady was asked whether a Spiro Agnew was a person, a fish, or a fern. She guessed fern—and lost her chance to win a dishwasher.

**One thing** was certain. Governor Agnew figured in the month's strangest political happening—the taking back of his label on Humphrey as "soft on Communism." We got to wondering: If Agnew could take that back, why couldn't Romney, say, take back his "brainwashing"—and so on, back and back. Maybe then we could have brand-new candidates and could start all over again on a kind of touch-move basis—as in chess. In fact, however, with all the competing press, radio, and TV, and every candidate having either a question, a microphone, or a camera shoved at him at every hour of the day or night, the real wonder is that


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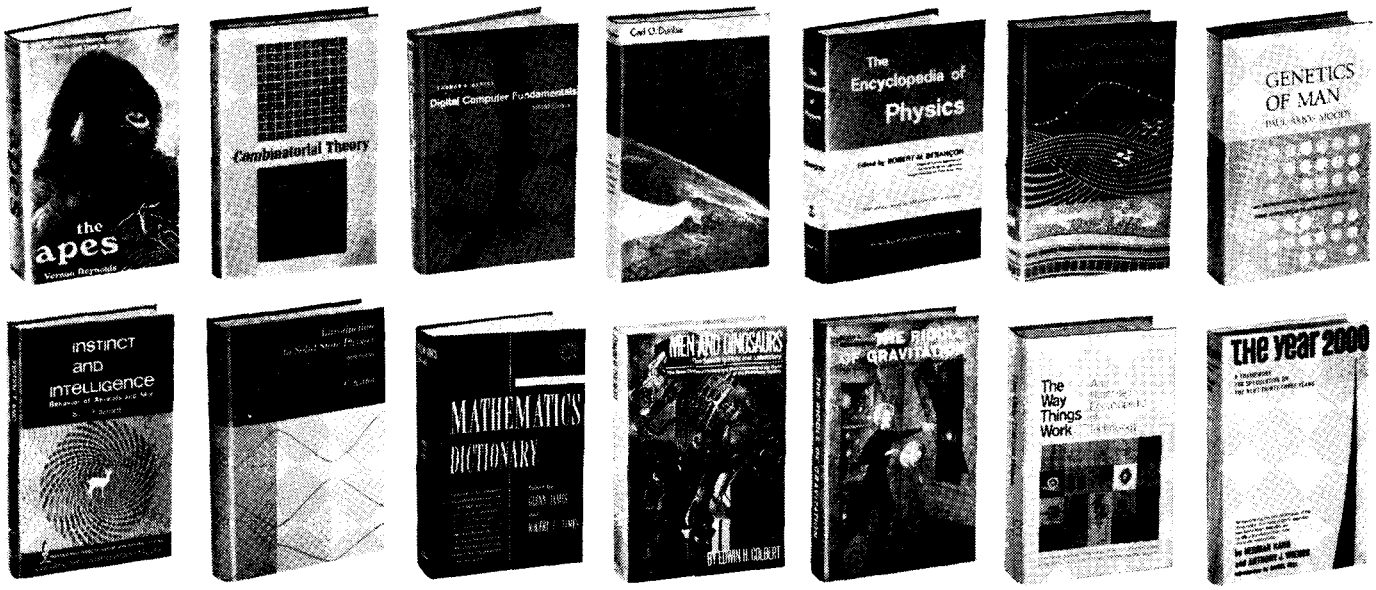


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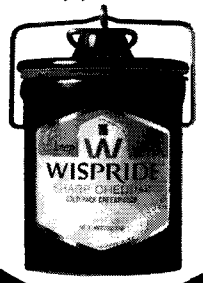


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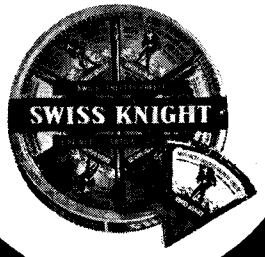


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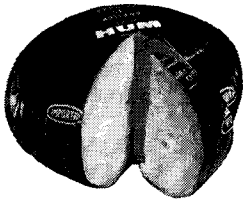


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they don't put their foot in it more than they do.

**The speech of the month** was delivered at a New York Horn & Hardart's Automat by none other than Presidential candidate Patrick Layton Paulsen. We had already been introduced to Pat by our friend Tommy Smothers and already knew that we could wholeheartedly support him on the major issues. We knew, for example, that he was, as he himself put it, "neither left wing nor right wing, but more or less middle of the bird." We also could not fault his statement: "I know what the average American wants—in fact, I'd like to get a little of it myself."

We were, however, entirely unprepared for the real depth of Mr. Paulsen—that he is the author of a new book, *Pat Paulsen for President*, and that he will, on October 20, pre-empt the entire *Smothers Brothers Show* for a "Paulsen for President" special.

For the benefit of those of you who are still uncommitted, however, we make

free to quote to you direct from what Mr. Paulsen called his "Brown Paper" report:

> Let us stick to the issues in this campaign. In my opinion, the biggest issue is the character of my opponents.
>
> This has been a campaign filled with mud-slinging and name-calling. Look at what they've done to poor Mr. Nixton. The Democrats have put bumper stickers on their cars saying NIXTON'S THE ONE. That's dirty politics. I don't care if he's one or not, they shouldn't make fun of him. For all I know, Humphrey may be one too, but the Republicans don't put up signs telling everyone he is....
>
> Our nation faces great problems. We must all be willing to stick our necks out. On the neck of the white man we must place the responsibility for greater understanding. The neck of the black man must bear the burden of patience. The red-necks, of course, have George Wallace.
>
> This nation is divided as never before, especially Democrats. The convention fight has left them split into three political factions—the new left, the old left, and what's left. Even the Wallace party into two camps—high camp and low camp...

Richard Nixon, competing with George Wallace for the conservative and Southern vote, says the big issue is law and order. Wallace says the big issue is plagiarism.

I say the biggest issue is to find out whose side the Government is on....

Regarding law and order, I have stated that a person should be able to walk down the street without getting beat up or knocked in the head. I know the police have problems, but this is no solution. As for crime in the streets, I maintain that is where it belongs. It's better to have it there than in the home, where most of the crimes now occur...

As for gun control, let us not be guilty of oversimplification. If we outlaw firearms, how can we shoot anybody? What's a guy supposed to do if he comes home early and finds some other fella making love to his wife—poison him? And how about suicides? Can you imagine some poor soul trying to beat himself to death with a stick?

Everybody seems to be talking about the polls. Some people say they're right, and others make fun of them. I think we should stick to politics and leave the Polish people out of it.

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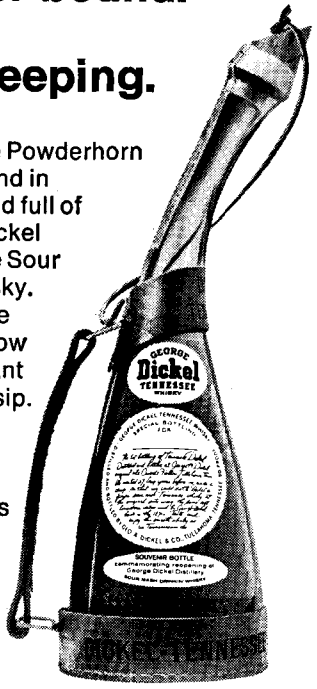


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# *Announcing the*

# MARSHALL McLUHAN

# *Dew-Line Newsletter*

*A startling, shocking Early Warning System for our era of instant change!*

THIS IS AN INVITATION to join a select group of business, academic and government leaders who are about to receive what must be the most startling newsletter ever printed.

We originally intended to call it, "The Marshall McLuhan Newsletter".

Dr. McLuhan, however, suggested that we title it, "The Marshall McLuhan Bad-News Letter".

And because of the fact that this entirely different kind of Newsletter will be a startling, shocking, monthly early warning system for our era of instant change, we have suggested the title, "The McLuhan Dew Line".

Call it what you will, this entirely different kind of Newsletter will not be confined to the newsletter format at all—but will also come to you in the form of records, courses, sensory retraining kits, and even advance releases of chapters from Dr. McLuhan's newest books.

It is written for the man (or woman) of responsibility —who cannot afford to be wrong in his evaluation of the present, or prediction of the future. It is designed to reveal, and analyse, the vast underground transforming forces you must deal with in the dazzlingly different world of tomorrow.

Here's why—

### Which Of These Danger Signals Have You Already Interpreted Falsely? Which Of These Technological Break-Throughs Are Completely Hidden From Your View?

Let's get specific for a moment. Throughout history, *most people have obsessively viewed new developments merely as extensions of old, worn-out and now-useless concepts* (what Dr. McLuhan calls "living in a rear-view mirror")—*and therefore never really saw or understood them at all.*

For example, the railway engine was at first called the "Iron Horse". The automobile was called the "Horseless Carriage". The radio was known as the "Wireless". *And the men and women who so mistitled and so misunderstood them, woke up to their true opportunities only DECADES after those with clear vision had seized and exploited them.*

How about you? Here is a brief sample of the most vital developments of our day—filled with both immense danger and previously undreamed-of potential. *You do not really understand them unless you can answer the questions after each title.* If these questions seem puzzling or even paradoxical to you, beware. *The present has turned a corner when you were not looking, and you have been dangerously left behind!*

1. *The Teen-age drop out*—*What exactly turns middle-class children into hippies?* What are these long-haired youngsters really trying to tell us? Why may the next development be the *Executive* drop-out?

2. *The Ghetto Rebellion*—Why is its primary cause—not poverty and not lack of education—but television? Why does Stokely Carmichael understand more about the power vortex of our time than almost any other American political leader?

3. *Medial Illiteracy, and its cure*—Why do Negro youngsters in Watts say "Why should I interrupt my education to go to school?" Why did I.B.M. spend thousands of dollars with Dr. McLuhan to devise a "Sensory Profile" of their executives? Why have advertising agencies become the most effective educational institutions in our society?

4. *The replacement of our cities*—by *the super-urbs of the future.* What is the real future of the automobile in tomorrow's America? What is the stay-at-home commuter, and how will he change our entire conception of work? *Where are executive drop-outs, sensory re-education, and super-urbs taking America tomorrow? And what are the consequences for you?*

### IN FUTURE NEWSLETTERS DR. McLUHAN WILL DISCUSS:

The Computer data-bank as the dissolution of private life.
The satellite as the end of Nature.
Galaxies as art forms.
The artist as the antennae of the race.
The substitution of man-made environments for biological evolution.
The end of the visual organization of knowledge and experience.
Song as slowed down speech. Instrumentation as speeded up speech.
Pot and LSD as chemical simulation of our electric environment.
Why the message will be dropped in favor of the effect.
The disappearance not only of writing but of speech.
The end of the split between Business and Culture.
The end of History via the computer.
Jokes and Humor as the infallible test of grievance areas in a society.
Games and Sports as live models of existing procedures in Business.
Why the "backward" countries will inevitably dominate the western world.
War as the effort to recover an *old* image of identity and purpose.
Why our first TV war has ended the boundaries between civilian and military life.
Why the prayer-mat shall replace the Cadillac.
Violence as the quest for identity.
NASA as an obsolete program.
The Future of Convalescence. (Anesthesia applied not only to surgery but to total recovery.)
The Computer as the LSD of the Business World.
War as Education. Education as War. Clothing as Weaponry. (Fashion as The Bore War.)
Why there is a return of horoscopy in the electric age.
The end of the Stock Exchange via the computer.

*And much more. Read them yourself—at our risk.*

**DR. MARSHALL McLUHAN**

### WHAT THE NATION'S LEADING AUTHORITIES SAY ABOUT HIM

*"Just possibly, the new environment that McLuhan discusses should be studied as carefully as the oxygen system in the Apollo spaceship. Just possibly, understanding McLuhan may help insure that earth's environment sustains rather than destroys its crew."* **NEWSWEEK.**

*"The most stimulating—and controversial—study of technology to have emerged in some years... One of the major intellectual influences of our time... blinding flashes of illumination..."* **FORTUNE.**

*"...sudden insights that can, for a moment or two, light up a confused landscape and show the odd order underlying seeming chaos...his theories are big enough and bold enough to mobilize the revolution he is examining...his most casual thoughts are often full of the excitement of discovery."* **Richard Schickel in HARPER'S.**

*"Other observers have been content to repeat criticisms of industrial society that were formulated a century ago, as if civilization had been steadily emptied out since the advent of the power Loom... McLuhan has dared to seek the cure in the disease..."*
**Harold Rosenberg in THE NEW YORKER.**

*"He can only be considered a stimulating thinker on a scale quite similar to Freud and Einstein."* **Critic Gerald Stearn.**

### The Goal Of This Extraordinary Newsletter: To Take The Most Startling And Productive Social Theory Of Our Time— AND APPLY IT TO CONCRETE PROBLEMS, AND THE OPPORTUNITIES WHICH THEIR SOLUTIONS PRESENT.

We must emphasize this core fact again: if these terms sound like science-fiction to you, there is an excellent reason. Dr. McLuhan is dealing—as no other man in our time—*with social phenomena so new it does not even today have a commonly-accepted name.*

"It is the business of the future to be dangerous", said Alfred North Whitehead. And this danger can only be overcome by men who are willing to look at the present nakedly and boldly, and deal with it on its own unique terms, and not those of the more comfortable past.

There has never been a period in the history of the world that has been quite so frightening, or so fluid. Everything is changing: businesses, occupations, opportunities, the very definition of what it means to be a leader, a husband, a human being. *Only those who have the ability to detect change the instant it happens... understand its trend and its consequences...realize not only its dangers but its opportunities...will survive.*

This means dealing, not only with the significant, but the unpleasant. It means facing today's problems squarely, *and controlling them before they can destroy us.*

This is the purpose of the Marshall McLuhan Newsletter. Because of its flexibility, it can be placed in your hands in as little as 72 hours after Dr. McLuhan has written it. It not only has the potential, therefore, of detecting changes the minute they occur—but following them, monitoring them, checking their feed-back to evaluation potential and consequences at every stage. This is not (like a book) merely a snapshot of the present; it is a radar-fix on its every movement.

### One Last Promise: This Will Be A Newsletter Unlike Any Other You Have Ever Seen. It Will Use Multi-Media To Deliver Its Message. It Is Designed, Not Only To Give You Facts, But A Whole New Set Of Sensory Equipment.

In other words, what you are trying at our risk, if you send in the coupon, is a complete departure in communications. It is a way of receiving every month, *packaged insight.* The package that carries it may be a four-page letter one month. It maye be a 12-inch l.p. the next. It may be a series of slides...two or three yet-to-be-published chapters from one of Dr. McLuhan's new books...or a sensory profile quiz...or a do-it-yourself kit for converting a visual way of seeing the world into a tactile.

*All we can guarantee is that its purpose is to allow you to exploit change, rather than fall victim to it. And in a world where nothing is remaining the same — especially human nature—and where position, leadership and power depend irrevocably on the ability to keep pace with change, we believe this is the best bargain you will ever buy.*

Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon TODAY?

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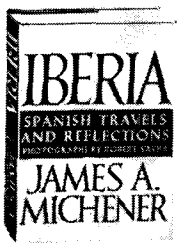


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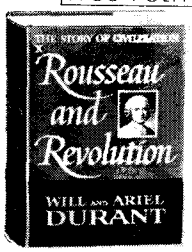


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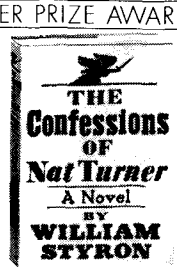


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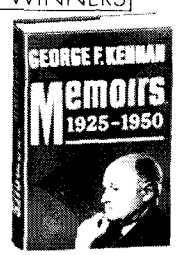


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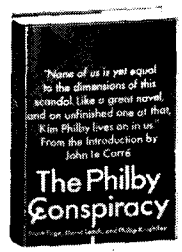


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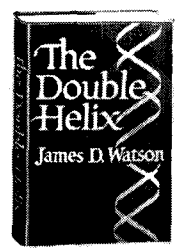


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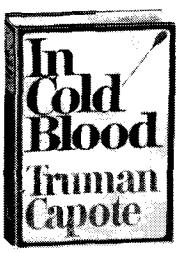


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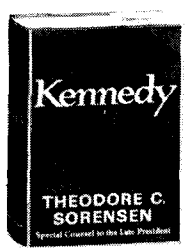


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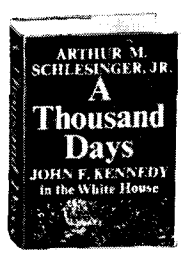


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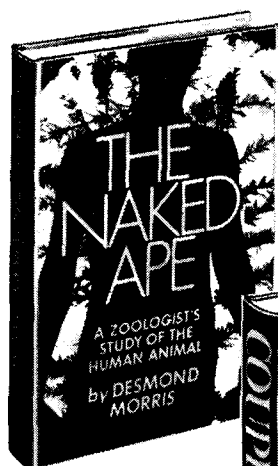


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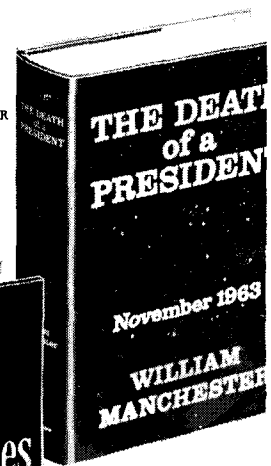


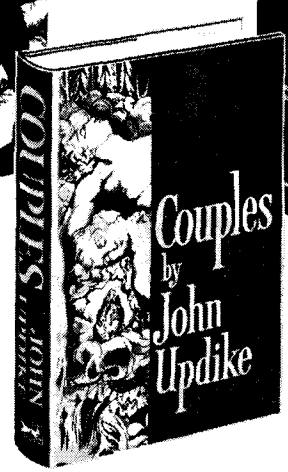


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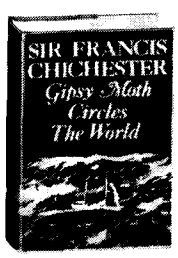


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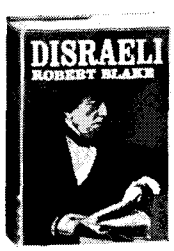


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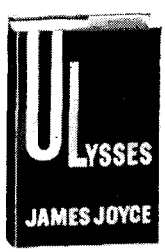


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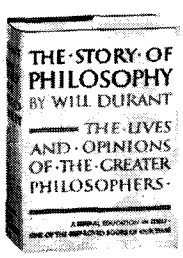


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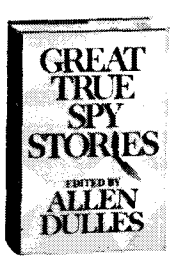


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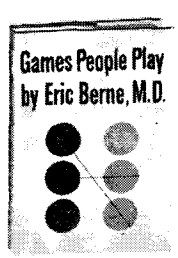


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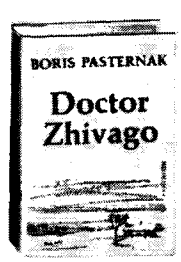


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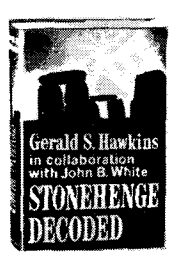


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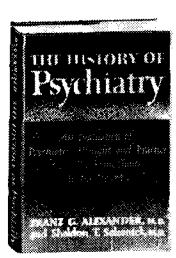


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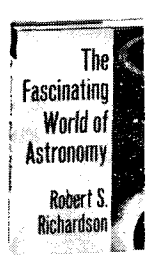


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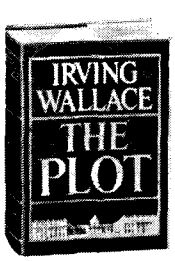


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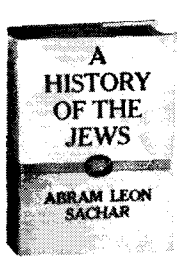


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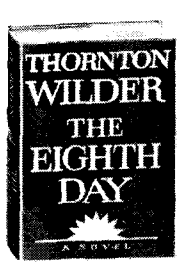


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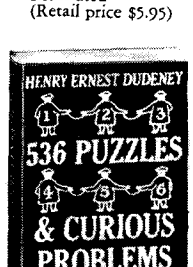


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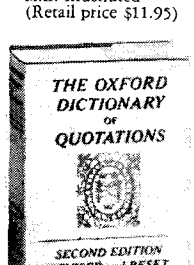


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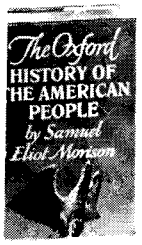


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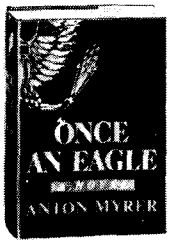


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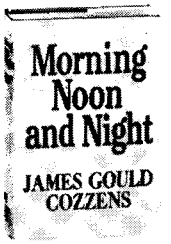


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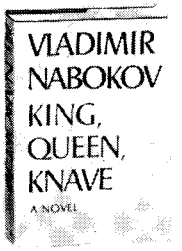


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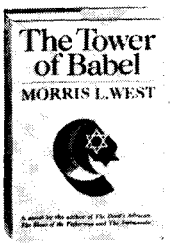


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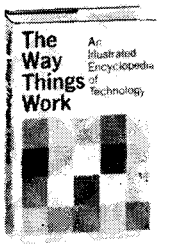


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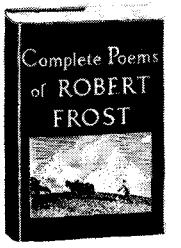


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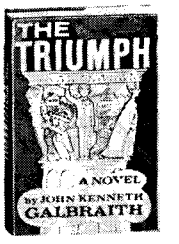


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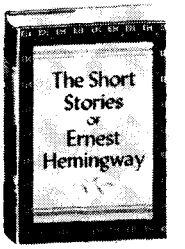


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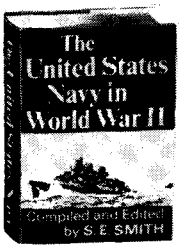


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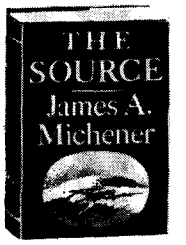


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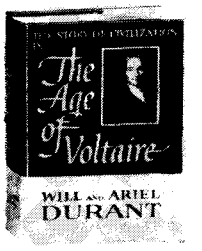


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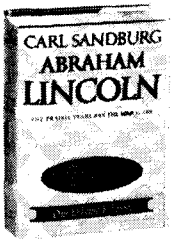


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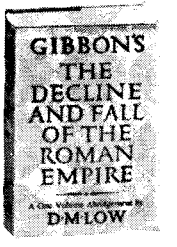


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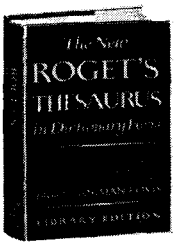


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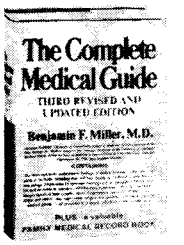


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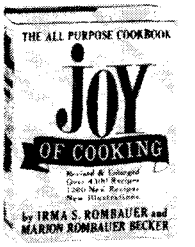


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# Top of My Head

*Goodman Ace*

## Shoulda Said

TAXICAB HINDSIGHT reflections consist of the clever, diabolical points you suddenly think of as you drive away, still steaming, from a luncheon where you found yourself the minority dissident in a two-party argument on the state of the world and other trivia.

"What did you say, Mac?" the driver asks, staring at me, appropriately enough, through his rear-vision mirror.

"I didn't say anything. It's what I *should* have said," I reply angrily.

Actually it's myself I'm angry with. After years of watching politicians and civilians being interviewed on TV, I have developed this divine gift of being able to think of tricky questions no newsman ever asked that would leave the hapless interviewee sitting there, a quivering bloody pulp. In living color.

I was overwhelmed with this *esprit de l'escalier* the other evening while watching Jack Benny being questioned on the NET network. The interviewer asked Mr. Benny if he ever did any political humor on his TV shows.

Mr. Benny had an easy copout. He could have said he didn't do political humor because his show is taped weeks in advance and the material would be dated. But he didn't.

"No," replied Mr. Benny. "I don't think it's right to do jokes about our President."

He admitted it was all right for Bob Hope because "you can see he doesn't mean it," he said.

"*Who* can see Bob Hope doesn't mean it?" I shouted at my TV set.

Which was more than the interviewer did. He segued, very kindly I thought, to commenting that Mr. Benny used "character" humor.

"Yes," said Mr. Benny quietly, and, I thought, breathing a sigh of relief, "our material deals with human frailties."

I was on my feet again. "Jack, are you inferring," I screamed, "that our President has no frailties? Or are you implying the other alternative?"

This *esprit* of avoiding even a suggestion of *lèse majesté* is prevalent among most TV stars who have made themselves beloved of their fans by sealing themselves in a vacuity of neutrality. Any utterance that might estrange even one out of the millions of their devoted followers strikes terror in their hearts. Every line their writers contribute is suspect and is gone over with a fine-tooth magnifying glass.

Example: Two years ago while on assignment to write for a televised variety hour, the writers were asked to devise a script that would feature Canada's Expo 67. For openers, the star of the show wanted to do a short humorous monologue about Canada.

We were hard put. But finally, with the aid of *The World Almanac*—the last book you would hunt through for jokes—we came up with an opening line:

"Tonight we honor Canada. Did you know that in area Canada is the second largest country in the world? Russia is first, Canada is second. I guess you thought it was Avis."

Well, what can I tell you? All heck broke loose, as they say on TV. The juxtaposition of Canada and Russia was just too much. The line was immediately placed under the microscope and examined for Communist cells, sabotage, World War III, and even treason.

After an hour's discussion, during which the writers were asked to swear on the Bible (the Nielsen rating book), show their citizenship papers, sing the third stanza of the national anthem, and stand to pledge allegiance to the flag, the line was left in.

The victory was Pyrrhic. On the show the next night the delivery of the line was something less than masterful. The straight lines were spoken impeccably. But poor Avis was lost in a slur of mumbling. Terror had struck again as the star envisioned countless sets tuned out.

This aberration can be further exemplified in a conversation this writer had recently with the above Mr. Benny. He was going, he told me, to Atlanta for one of his charity symphony concerts. He asked for a line in a monologue. Any writer worth his laugh-track is eager to contribute to this master of all comedians, knowing it will get the most skillful delivery. I gave him one:

"I've met the mayor of Atlanta, and I found him to be a progressive and courageous man who is not afraid to call a spade, mister."

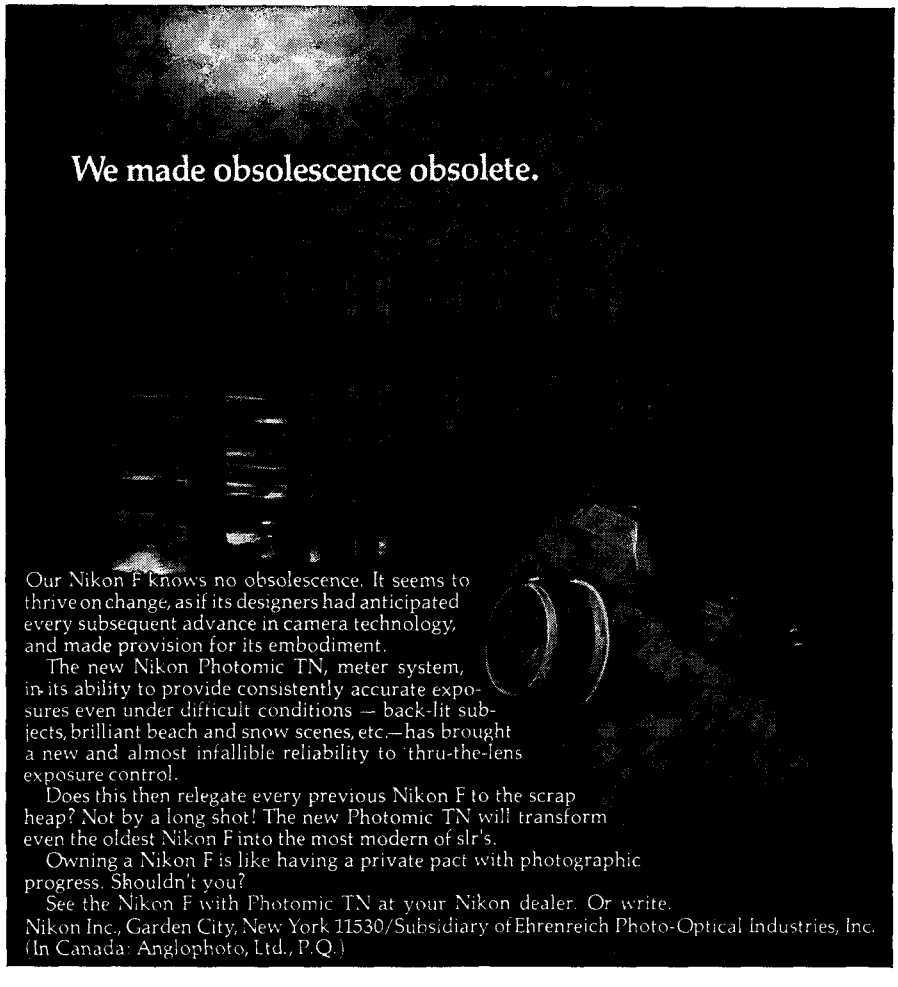
"No," Benny said, "I can't use that."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I'm not mad at anybody."

Later in a taxicab I realized what I should have said:

"When will you get mad, Jack? When they have one door marked WHITE, another marked BLACK, and a third door marked COMEDIANS?"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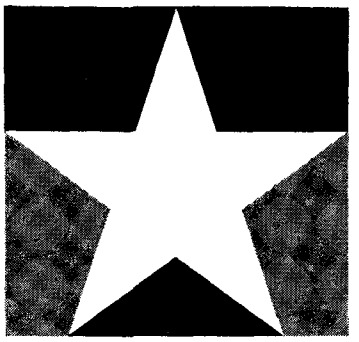

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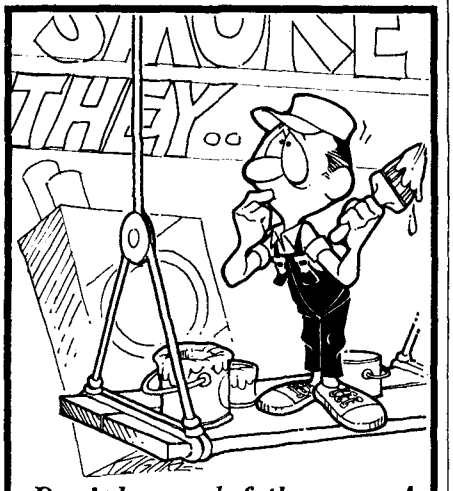

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# Trade Winds

*Herbert R. Mayes*

**This has to do** with a plan for saving the United States. It was advanced by a gentleman who admits he has more love for his country than he has knowledge of economics. He prefers to remain anonymous.

What he said, as best as I can remember, is this. The officials who conduct our fiscal affairs at the Treasury in Washington do not know how to keep books. They seem not to be familiar with the double-entry system of bookkeeping. They talk always and only of our liabilities—the national debt. They never mention our national assets. In their reports they show merely what the country owes, never what it owns. If any small merchant ran his business that way, any bank would laugh at him, no manufacturer would ship anything to him, and the Internal Revenue Service would have him up on charges.

Suppose, the gentleman said, in order to determine our net worth, we placed a money value on Lake Michigan, on Yellowstone National Park, on Boulder Dam and the Mississippi River, on the Panama Canal and the Smoky Mountains and the Tennessee Valley, on our highways and the tens of thousands of federally owned buildings. Take everything that belongs to the United States, he said, use the most conservative estimates, and the total would come to so many billions, trillions, and zillions of dollars that our current national debt would be to it as a single grain of sand is in size to the state of Texas.

Add to our physical assets, the gentleman continued, an intangible asset, but the most important of all: the future worth of what will come from the 200 million people who live in the United States. Try to estimate the value of their forthcoming inventions, scientific discoveries, medical innovations. Probably, he said, a new kind of computer would have to be constructed in order to arrive at the total value.

My point, the gentleman said, is that our country is in desperate trouble. In more ways than one it is on the verge of revolution. Possibly *dissolution.* Right now, more than any time since the Civil War, we are confronted with disaster. The differences between the haves and the have-nots, the conflicts between and among racial groups, the disintegration of law and order in urban centers, if not resolved, can result in universal disaffection, more and more and worse and worse eruptions of riots with uncontrollable clashes between civilians and armed forces, and the ultimate creation of a dictatorship.

It matters not a tinker's dam, the gentleman said fervently, to what heights our national debt may soar; if money can solve our problems, and nothing but money *can,* that money should be spent.

Look, he said, in 1941, after Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor, Franklin Roosevelt demanded, on a crash basis, an armament production that would ensure the defeat of Japan and Germany. Though many were skeptical of its accomplishment, no voice was raised in protest; nobody cared a hoot about cost; nobody gave a second thought to the national debt. The object was survival.

Right now, the gentleman went on, if our country was threatened by the combined forces of Russia and China and every other Communist power, nobody here would question the cost of defending ourselves. We would use every last resource we have, of men and money. If for that, he asked, why not for winning an easier war?

The gentleman went on: The monies being spent now are inconsequential. Some millions of dollars to make Watts

a decent place to live; some millions to a commission to study conditions in Harlem; some more millions for the alleviation of hunger among poor whites—all are meaningless and insufficient because all such monies and the thinking behind the allotments are temporary, sporadic, haphazard, and short-ranged.

What is required, he said, is a twenty-five-year program that, on a crash basis, can be completed in *five* years—a program that may add $500 billion, or twice $500 billion, to our national debt. What the cost is, what the debt becomes, is of minor consideration. Whatever it is, it will be insignificant in relation to our assets. What is of major consideration is to make this country what it set out to be, should be, must be, can be.

If 100,000 new schools are needed, let us build them. If 25,000 new teachers' colleges are wanted to train the people to teach in the schools, let us build the former and train the latter. If 20,000,000 new, above-mere-subsistence-level homes are needed, let us set them up. Whatever funds are required to



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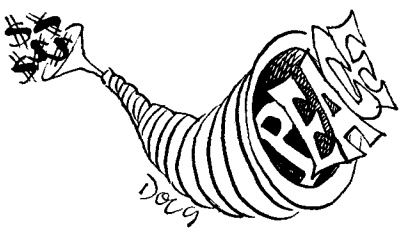
demolish all our slums and provide communities that are a comfort to live in, let us demolish and provide. If new factories are called for to ensure every person is humanely clothed, let us erect them. Whatever hospitals and other medical services are desirable so that no person goes without proper care, let us establish them. If 200,000 new playgrounds are useful, let us equip them. Whatever the annual income is that will enable any family to live without fear, let that income be guaranteed.

Eliminate welfare payments, the gentleman said with emphasis, do away




with doles, handouts of any and every kind. Distribute nothing, absolutely nothing, without a proper return from the recipients. To get, one must give, and that giving must be in the form of work—which means that there must be a job for everyone mentally and physically able to do it, and that he *must* do it. With all the work that all of this program will entail, with all the prosperity that this program will thereafter ensure, there would be jobs for all, and forever.

There can be no peace at home, the gentleman said, until and unless enough money is spent to secure it. Why, he asked, are we piddling? Whatever is required, he said, in any form, to ensure our safety in the world, our positive defense against any possible foreign aggression, that too, and at the same time, must be provided.

Nothing matters but money, he said, and money does not matter. Only our country, he added, and our people matter.

**Perhaps I should mention** here that the gentleman referred to is fairly well-to-do. He is a dyed-in-the-wool believer in the capitalist system. He may also be crazy. I wouldn't know. I am merely reporting on his suggested way out of our awful predicament.

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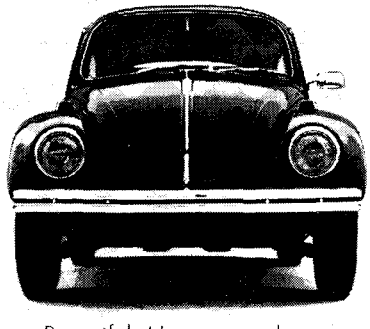

Beautiful. It's not any longer. It's not any lower. And it's not any wider. The 1969 Volkswagen. 13 improvements. Ugly as ever. Beautiful. Just beautiful.

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*Saturday Review*
October 5, 1968

# Portrait of a Declining Town

"We've got to forget the notion that small towns are vanishing," says a government statistician. "Damn few are disappearing." Yet, despite slight population increases in small towns over the past few years, a number of them continue to decline. It may be a mining town in Colorado, a coal town in Kentucky, a textile town in Massachusetts, but the pattern is the same. Industry dries up and moves to richer fields, railroads and other transportation turn away, and then the young people of the town begin to leave. Eastport, Maine, is one of these towns.

By DAVID BUTWIN

FRIDAY morning. The first thing you notice about Eastport, Maine, is the herring gulls, hundreds of them, crying and wheeling above rotting wharves, whitening the blue morning sky. In the seconds it takes to drive through the business district, you begin to wonder if the gulls are causing the only stir in town. Every third or fourth shop has a FOR SALE or CLOSED sign in a dusty window; some buildings look too flimsy to last the winter. Eastport, in the midst of a workday morning in late August, seems inert, empty.

There were but a few people on Water Street, the main thoroughfare, when I arrived, and one of them was Reid Moholland, the Eastport police chief. He was talking to an old man by the laundromat at the three-cornered intersection of Water and Washington Streets, which is controlled by the only traffic light in town. Immediately I was reminded of the gruff, slow-burning, square-jawed police chief in the film *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming*—probably because Brian Keith was the closest thing I'd seen to a small-town New England constable in action. There certainly was nothing negative about the comparison at that point: Brian Keith made an exceedingly comical chief. In the next few days, though, Reid Moholland took on a personality entirely distinct, and not altogether comical.

David Butwin, a free-lance writer, is a frequent contributor to *SR*.

What I wanted to know was where a man could stay for three days. Moholland, a willing tourist guide, named (but didn't rate) the five or six possibilities. As he spoke the flattened Down East vowels, his eyes swept over my car—a borrowed, battered, red-fading-to-pink Volkswagen convertible with Minnesota plates, not exactly an everyday tenant of Eastport streets. I was about to drive off when he said: "Now if you're, ah, done here, would you please move the car from the no-parking zone?" Puzzled a bit, I put the car in gear, and then he said: "Be sure to call on us if there's anything we can help you with."

I found the Hotel East closed to everyone but a half-dressed resident of the second floor—he said it was undergoing repair—two sets of cabins on Cobscook Bay occupied, and the Quoddy Inn too distant, so I took a room at Pearl's Tourist Home and Gift Shop on Washington Street across from, as everyone in Eastport knows, the IGA and Reid Moholland's house.

EVEN on the map, Eastport looks a dead-end town. Route 1 does its best to follow the craggy Maine coastline almost due east from Bar Harbor and then, just before land's end, swerves northwest toward the Maine-New Brunswick border. At the eastern extremity the land forms a sort of thumb-and-forefinger arc around Cobscook Bay, the tips nearly touching. From Route 1, Highway 189 takes you to the thumbnail, Lubec, a small fishing port, and across the Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Bridge to Campobello Island, where FDR spent many summers. Farther up Route 1, cars now and then turn right on Highway 190, which leads to the fingertip, Eastport. There are no buses or passenger trains to Eastport, and the two-runway airport serves only private planes. Eastport and Lubec, geographically speaking, are as far out as you can get in the United States. Lubec residents proudly claim that the *morning* sun shines first on their town, while Eastporters counterclaim with this indisputable piece of logic: If Lubec is the easternmost *town* in the country, Eastport is the easternmost *city*.

A city it is. Eastport's estimated 1968 population of 2,172 makes it the smallest city in Maine, but when the charter was granted in 1893 there were slightly more than the 5,000 people necessary to qualify it as such. Even then, Eastport had begun the long skid. Settled nearly two centuries ago, it thrived on sea traffic and a bountiful lumber industry into the middle of the nineteenth century. An 1861 map hanging on a wall of the Washington County courthouse in Calais shows more than thirty wharves along Water Street. All but a few have rotted away. From 1870 to the end of World War I, when Eastport rightly called itself the sardine capital of the United States, it supported a dozen canneries; today there are two.

Washington County is considered the most economically depressed county in New England. By 1960 figures, 37 per cent of Eastport's 670 families were living on less than $3,000 a year, the national poverty index. From 1940 to 1960 Eastport's population dwindled from



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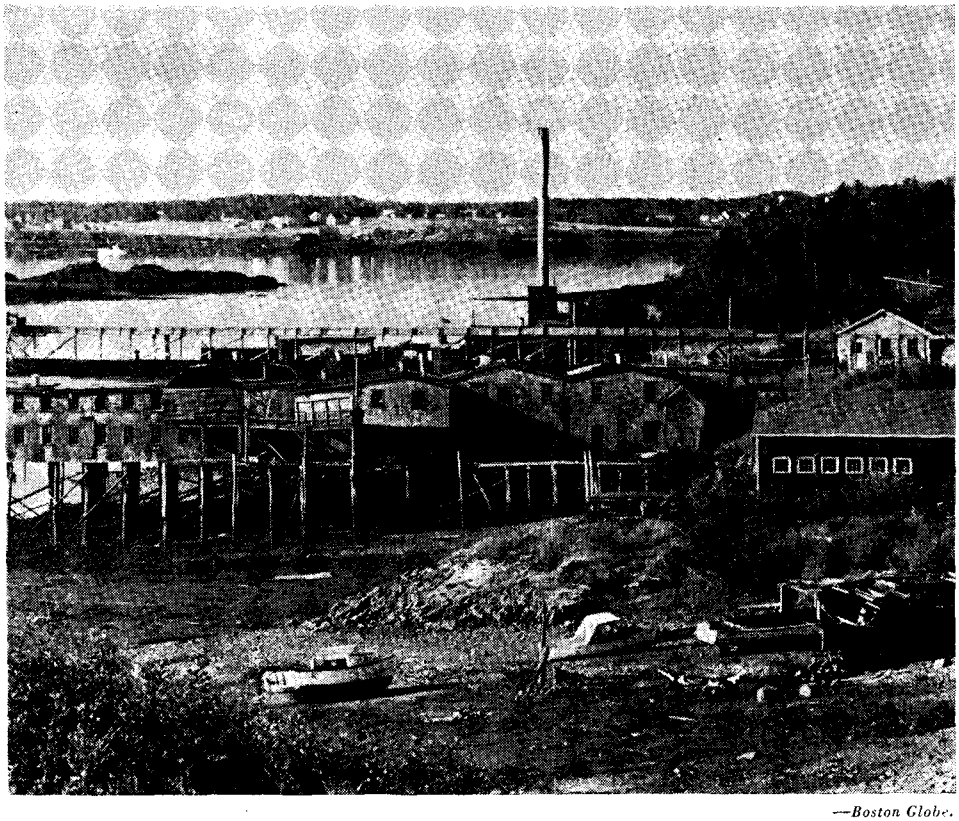
3,300 to 2,500. In the first six years of this decade it dropped another 300. Only the herring boats have kept coming, 4,500 in fiscal 1967, 4,700 this year. Sailors know Eastport as the northern point on East Coast weather readings, a distinction that helps to keep it on the map.

Friday morning, later. Roscoe C. Emery, spry at eighty-two, operates one of Eastport's two real estate offices on Water Street. He has changed little from a 1930s picture he showed me from a newspaper clipping, except that his flattop crewcut has turned white and he has replaced the wire spectacles with thick black hornrims concealing a hearing aid. "My people have lived here since 1817," he said. Mr. Emery was Phi Beta Kappa at Colby College in Waterville, Maine ("class of aught-seven"), served as mayor, school board member, and state senator, and edited the Eastport *Sentinel* from 1914 to 1942. The *Sentinel* folded about ten years ago, leaving Eastport without a paper of its own. Eastporters who read papers rely on the weekly Calais *Advertiser* and the Bangor *Daily News*, neither of which provides much of a mirror to the world.



—*Boston Globe.*

**"All its life Eastport has lived with an odor of fish and brine, but when the prevailing southwest winds are blowing, the smell gets rather oppressive."**

Emery sat at his desk in the back room and talked fondly of Eastport's past. "One of the highlights," he said, was the Passamaquoddy Tidal Power Project, an oft-aborted scheme to harness the 15- to 22-foot tides for electricity. In 1935, President Roosevelt sent the Army Engineers, backed by $7,000,000, to pitch camp three miles from Eastport in what became Quoddy Village. Eastport, already on the decline, suddenly dreamed of new industry, rising land values, more jobs. The Engineers completed two small dams and began work on a third when the project stalled in 1937. Some observers said the project had been nothing more than a work-relief plan. Emery blamed a lobbying job by Central Maine Power Company and the Bangor Hydroelectric Company, who together produce and distribute 92 per cent of the state's power, at rates which, many Eastporters believe, have kept private industry away. Since 1937 various efforts to tap the tides have failed.

Emery led me to a rear window looking out on the harbor. He recalled the prosperity Eastport's sardine industry enjoyed during his boyhood, the slackening of work when machine-made tins were introduced, the days when steamships called two or three times a week from Boston. Is there still hope? "Oh, yes," he said, almost reflexively. He smiled and paused a moment. "Eastport has touched bottom, but it's on the way up now." He didn't really say why.

ON Water Street, barely stirring now, I strained to make out the letters WILBOR on a faded movie marquee, long out of use. When Eastporters feel like seeing a movie, they have to go twenty-eight miles to Calais (Callous) to a drive-in; the closest indoor movie theater is in New Brunswick. William Bowen, sixteen, whom I met staring vacantly past a decaying wharf, joined me in the Waco Diner a few doors up Water Street. The Waco (townsfolk call it Whack-O) shares with George's Restaurant the reputation as Eastport's best and most popular eatery. When Eastporters put on the dog, they go to the Quoddy Inn. The Waco has maybe fifteen stools at the counter and a half-dozen little tables along the wall. A beer ad opposite the counter says: DON'T JUST SIT THERE—NAG YOUR WIFE. Working men were laughing and talking over bowls of fish chowder. William ate nothing and harked back to Independence Days past. "I'm telling you, you can have some fun," he said. "It might be against the law to have firecrackers, but they do it. On the first, there's a fish chowder at the Eastport Tenting Area. You pay $1 and get all you can eat—and that's a lot. This year the chowder spoiled, and they had to dump it out. On the second, a ship comes in. This year it was a seagoing tug. We used to have battleships, destroyers, and stuff. On the third they have a ball game, the sailors against the town people. On the Fourth, well, that's when the fun starts. There's a pie-eating contest, and they close off Water Street from the Post Office."

TWO young couples, obvious out-of-towners, had sat down at the counter. Within moments, Moholland peeked in and addressed the strangers courteously: "Are you the folks with the car from Massachusetts?" I missed whatever followed, but presently I saw one of the men walk out and turn the car around so the front end faced the curb.

Friday afternoon. The police station, a few strides from the Waco Diner, is a single room with a bare cement floor, streaked windows, an old pendulum clock tick-tocking on the wall, and Reid Moholland's desk. I found the chief talking with a couple of Water Street regulars, idle old men who make the rounds from barber shop to café to police station.

"I had this job twenty years ago," Moholland said, "and I went away and then came back and took the job again this year. I've had offers to go away, make a lot more money, but I don't care for the, uh, hustle and bustle I call it. Chop-chop. Around here people are friendly, the fishing's fantastic, hunting's marvelous—except for moose: You have to go to Canada to take a moose.

"No, I would say crime is very unusual in Eastport. I mean, we have cases from time to time that stir up what I call a little excitement. We have break-ins now and then, but as far as robbery



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at gunpoint . . ." He glanced at the two visitors.

"Nope," said one.

"Never," said the other.

Everett Baxter, the Eastport city manager, has an office one floor above the police station in the building they call the "City Rooms." Baxter is an ordinary man with ordinary looks—brown crew-cut, glasses, and a pipe in his mouth. He believes, as many Eastporters do, that the failure of the Quoddy project still haunts the town. "It was supposed to cure all our ills, to create a good standard of living," he said. "Well, it was a matter of putting all our eggs in one basket. After that we lost faith in everything that was promised. So this is an attitude we have to overcome. I think it is partially overcome by the younger generation, which doesn't remember it. For a long spell there was no interest in outside industry, but we've had, in the last year, several individuals interested in coming here. They indicated there would be sizable investments."

(One of the "individuals" he wouldn't identify, a major oil company, will announce plans in December to build a trans-shipment oil depot near the Eastport airfield. Says a Maine Department of Economic Development official: "They want to put it in Eastport because these new supertankers are too big to get into New York and other East Coast harbors. But Eastport has a tremendous 90-foot-deep harbor. So the oil will come into Eastport first and then be shipped to other ports by smaller vessels. This will create a helluva lot of jobs in the building stage—eighteen months—but not much after that, maybe thirty or forty.")

MR. BAXTER went on: "Just about anybody who wants to work can work in Eastport, but the trouble is, they pay the minimum wage, and sometimes not that much. Some of the storekeepers pay only 60 to 75 cents an hour. With costs going up, people have less and less to spend. The hope is that if industry comes in, they'll raise the wages and maybe even form unions. We have no unions to speak of.

"I would say the pace in Eastport is slow, but I think it's starting to move a little. All we need is an impetus to our economy and we could do a lot more. You know, we have lots of assets, if you can overlook the disadvantages . . . the beauty of the place. Years ago artists used to come in, but this has gone by the boards. I don't know if they're more involved in that surrealist style or what."

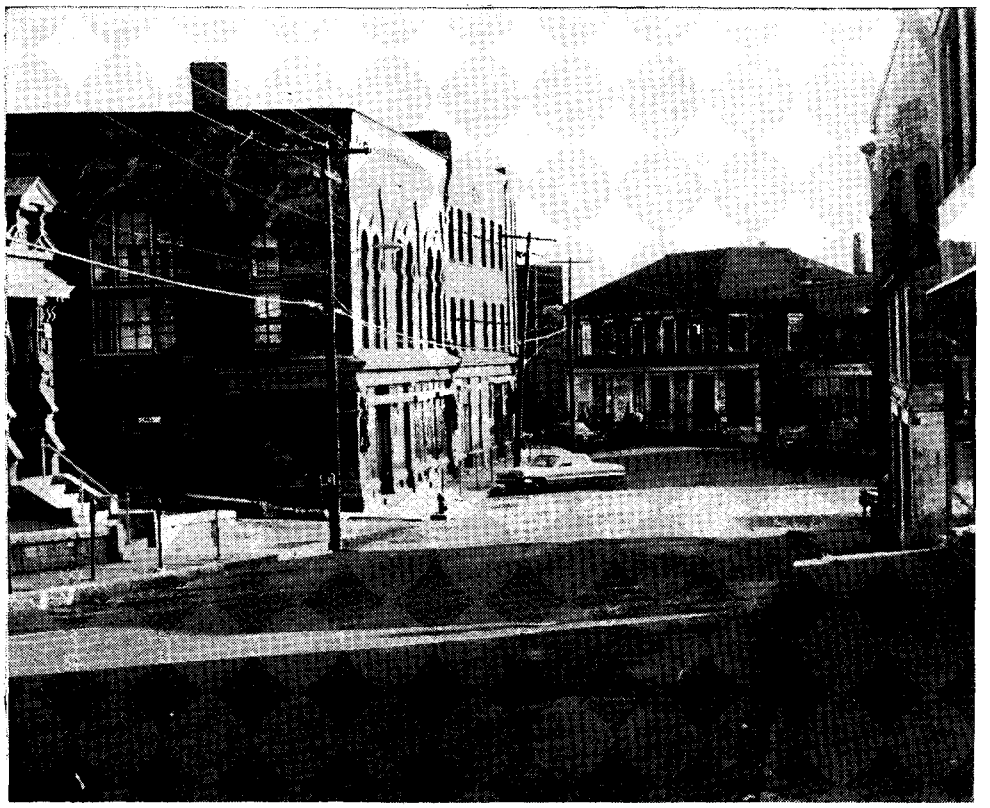
Friday evening. Night comes quietly to Eastport. Standing on the breakwater watching the sky and water change colors, you hear only the cry of herring gulls and the click-clack of billiard balls in Ken's Pool Room. Around Eastport they say if you're looking for somebody, go down and wait at the breakwater and chances are he'll come by sooner or later. Cars drive out on the black-top pier day and night—young people, old folks, whole families dropping by to pass the time, see who's there, chat a while. Most people stop at the shore's edge of the breakwater, on the way out or back, to get a hot dog at Whelpley's Lunch Cart or just to say hello to Norris and Rose Whelpley.

Friday night. If Eastport is dying, Quoddy Village is downright ghostly. I drove through the village where the big frame houses were built years ago to put up the Quoddy Project workers, and now they stood black and somber against the night. Back on Highway 190 I spotted a car trailing very close behind. When I pulled over to let it pass, I saw the red light, and shortly I was talking to Max Prime, one of Moholland's four assistants. He said I'd gone through a stop sign coming out of Quoddy Village, and when I could produce only a 1967 Minnesota registration card and my Hawaii driver's license—I left Honolulu last October—he shook his head solemnly and asked me to come by the police station the next day and clear things up with his boss. I drove into Eastport with the idea of cruising through the South End before retiring. People who live elsewhere in Eastport call it "Sodom" because the houses are a little shabbier and the weeds grow higher. Through the blackness a car approached, and suddenly I was face to face again with Max Prime. "Two things, Dave," he said, holding up the V-sign. "Out on the highway coming in you were five miles over the limit and, number two, there isn't a light on your rear license plate. . . . You will see the chief?"

Saturday morning. All its life Eastport has lived with an odor of fish and brine, but these days when the prevailing southwest winds are blowing, the smell gets rather oppressive: Most of the town's fish industry is located southwest of Eastport. The subject has been debated at city council meetings, in the Waco Diner, and on the breakwater, but nothing has been done. In addition to the two sardine canneries, Eastport has two fish-meal plants which grind up herring for animal feed; four pearl-essence factories where fish scales are converted into ersatz pearls and fire-fighting foam; a tuna cannery; and a woolen mill near Quoddy Village. That is ten factories, one more than the number of churches in town.

Nathan Cohen, a proud city father, remembers the time a few years ago when Kraft Foods set up a plant to process Irish moss collecting in the deeps

(*Continued on page 40*)



—*Boston Globe.*

**"Eastport has touched bottom, but it's on the way up now."**



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# Saturday Review

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# The Peaceful Use of the Sea

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Clark M. Eichelberger, author of the following guest editorial, is chairman of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace.*

ONE of the most important challenges of our time will again be debated by the United Nations General Assembly, which convened on September 24. On the agenda is a proposal, submitted a year ago by Malta, for ". . . the reservation exclusively for peaceful purposes of the seabed and of the ocean floor . . . and the use of their resources in the interests of mankind." When it was first submitted, the General Assembly reacted with surprise and confusion. The maritime powers did not know where their interests lay and wished Malta had not thought of the idea. The developing states were confused in debating a subject on which they had little technical knowledge.

An ad hoc committee charged with studying the question and reporting to the General Assembly, has identified certain economic, legal, and scientific problems. Most important, it revealed that most members now accept the idea that an area of the sea shall be reserved for mankind and developed for its benefit. Here is another historical illustration of nations forced to rise above themselves to accept new concepts of world order. Although there will be resistance, there will be no going back to world anarchy under the sea.

Committee discussions centered on the formation of policies to control the seabed. Two drafts of principles were passed on to the General Assembly.

One draft, which generally represented the U.S. point of view, was introduced informally by the United Kingdom. It stated that there is an area of the seabed which lies beyond the limits of national jurisdiction; a precise boundary should be agreed upon; an international regime governing the exploitation of its resources should be formed; no state may claim sovereign rights over this area, and no part is subject to national appropriation; exploitation shall be carried on for the benefit of mankind, especially for the developing countries; the area shall be reserved exclusively for peaceful purposes.

The second draft, presented by fifteen Asian, African, and Latin American countries, spells out the undersea world community concept in greater detail. One tenet states that the seabed and ocean floor are the common heritage of mankind, and no state may claim sovereignty outside the national jurisdiction. Another outlines the duties of the international regime: to maintain respect for territorial integrity and the interest of the coastal states, and to promote economic development, particularly of the developing countries.

Because it will take years to draft a treaty, the General Assembly must adopt principles quickly. Otherwise nations might stake out so much of the seabed for their own use that there would be little left for the benefit of mankind. At the same time, a self-denying ordinance or a "freeze" should be adopted by which the nations would agree not to extend their claims beyond present jurisdiction or beyond the 200-meter limitation of the continental shelf until such time as the boundaries can be finally fixed.

The heart of the problem is to determine the area of the sea to be reserved for mankind and subject to international administration. Some believe that the coastal states should declare exclusive jurisdiction over what they call the "continental margin," which contains the continental shelf, continental slope, and continental rise. But this area, comprising one-fifth of the seabed, contains the major potential oil deposits and other resources that could soon be exploitable and which should be reserved for all.

One of the toughest problems facing the Assembly is to define use of the sea for peaceful purposes. Some nations believe that military installations on the seabed can have peaceful purposes and should not be interfered with. Others, particularly the developing countries, believe that all military installations should be banned. The United States has proposed that the eighteen-nation disarmament conference work out an agreement under which atomic weapons and weapons of mass destruction would not be planted on the seabed. But nations must go further.

Many nations now accept the principle that the underdeveloped landlocked states have an equity in seabed resources, but it has not been decided how they will profit from them. A strong U.N. authority must be created.

The United States will have much to do with determining the extent of sea area reserved for mankind and the kind of international regime which would administer it. There was general disappointment that the United States dragged its feet at the last General Assembly instead of providing leadership as it did in the problem of outer space in 1961. But the U.S. did assume leadership in the ad hoc committee and proposed a "Decade of Ocean Exploration."

Both conservative and liberal voices are heard in Washington. The former would have the United States extend its exploitation to the deep sea and expect the flag to follow and protect. Others feel that an international agency squares with U.S. ideals and is consistent with the most enlightened American self-interest.

The American Union was strengthened and the danger of conflict reduced when some of the original colonies renounced their claims to Western lands through adoption of the Northwest Ordinance of 1787. If nations could now agree that beyond a narrow continental shelf the bed of the sea belongs to the world community and shall be so administered, it would be one of the greatest steps toward eliminating threat of conflict and bringing nations together under the law of world community.

—CLARK M. EICHELBERGER.



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# Letters to the Editor

## Crime and Punishment

THANK YOU for Dr. Karl Menninger's eloquent and convincing analysis of the psychology of the criminal and of the prosecutor of criminals, and of our failure to cope with crime ["The Crime of Punishment," *SR*, Sept. 7].

But doesn't this analysis call for a sequel, a sequel in which the *remedies* are specifically spelled out: a program, a strategy, a "how-to-do-it" explanation? He says that, for a small minority, detention is necessary, but that "the great majority of . . . criminals should never become prisoners." He says we need new types of facilities and institutions. But he does not describe these non-prisons, which will detain the small minority and "effectively treat" and "change" the majority of our criminals. He points out the prevalence and the seriousness of white-collar crime, but makes no suggestion of how to control it.

Do we begin with kindergarten to develop a civilized attitude toward the criminal, which rules out revenge and scapegoating? Do we insist that our political leaders and our lawmakers commit themselves to *effective* penal reform? How can *our more able penologists be supported*, financially and otherwise, in their efforts to give the criminal—and society—a fair deal?

GERALD BARNES,
Denver, Colo.

IF DR. KARL MENNINGER'S conclusion is valid ("we must renounce the philosophy of punishment . . ."), merely transferring the instrumentalities of punishment and social control from the judges, juries, and jailers to the doctors is an idle gesture.

A quick trip through any mental ward, private or state-operated, reveals "therapies" of medical punishment: restraints, electroshock, and psychosurgery (the underlying format for Dr. Menninger's "hundreds" of "forms and techniques of psychiatric treatment").

We must agree with Dr. Menninger that the public "will realize that we must have more facts, more trial projects, more checked results" before we submit ourselves as unknowing, unconsenting, guinea pigs.

P. V. BYRNE,
Chicago, Ill.

MY HANGUP with Dr. Menninger and others who pontificate on violence is that they seem to be saying that they have answers. Yet when one looks at the therapeutic milieu of a hospital, he sees locked wards, isolation, and electric shock being used to control violence. Furthermore, psychiatric hospitals want no part of the criminal element, especially the potentially violent criminal.

Psychiatric experts carp on the inadequacies and failures of those who work directly with crime and violence, and never offer anything themselves. Correction: Never is a strong word; they do diagnose and classify.

ROBERT B. MILLER,
West St. Paul, Minn.

THERE IS NOTHING deep or mysterious about our crime problem. Parents must get rid of their guilt feelings, act as though they are *in control of their own households*, teach their children compassion, respect for others and their property, and train children for responsible action.

K. A. ROMEY,
Saratoga, Calif.

I HAVE WAITED long and impatiently for a behavioral scientist to speak out on this harassing human dilemma. I hope that Dr. Menninger's article signals the participation of his type of specialist in the struggle to help people to understand themselves and their fellows.

EMMA G. STAFFORD,
Indianapolis, Ind.

## Convention Breakdown

REGARDING N. C.'S EDITORIAL, "The Breakdown of Political Conventions" [*SR*, Sept. 14], I am amazed at the ease with which he manages to divorce Hubert Humphrey from the shame of the Democratic convention.

When children (including my own fourteen-year-old daughter) were being teargassed and clubbed in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel right below Hubert Humphrey's room, his reaction was not to telephone Mayor Daley and demand that the police violence stop, but rather to close his windows and shades, so as not to choke on the tear gas or be disturbed by the sound of screaming in the street below. In an interview at his Waverly, Minnesota, home he vigorously defended Mayor Daley and the Chicago police department.

It is admirable of N. C. to want to disassociate Hubert Humphrey from the Chicago nightmare, but Mr. Humphrey has made the defense invalid.

STEPHANIE M. MAY,
Democratic Convention Delegate,
Bloomfield, Conn.

VOICES MUST BE RAISED to tell all Americans that you can't have order unless there is respect for the law, from police as well as civilians.

Policemen cannot be prosecutors and judges. They must not be permitted to arrest people who are breaking no law, simply because those people have long hair or beards, and they wear clothing which is "different."

Abraham Lincoln might have been beaten in the kidneys and on the head if he had been in Chicago that week.

JACK KAMZAN,
Bayside, N.Y.

N. C. MAKES THE COMMENT: "Just as the elector system gave way to the popular vote . . . so the Presidential political conventions will have to give way to nationwide Presidential primaries. . . ." Will not the political bosses still find ways to maintain their controls through arranging the candidacies of the men in the primaries? Changing the emphasis of public politics will not change the fact of party politics behind the scenes—not unless drastic changes are made in the party system itself.

Perhaps constitutionally doing away with the electoral college would be a first step in releasing the public from the strategies of the politicians.

MICHAEL A. SHELL,
Cornell University,
Ithaca, N.Y.

*"I belong to six minority groups. Last night your program offended me six times."*



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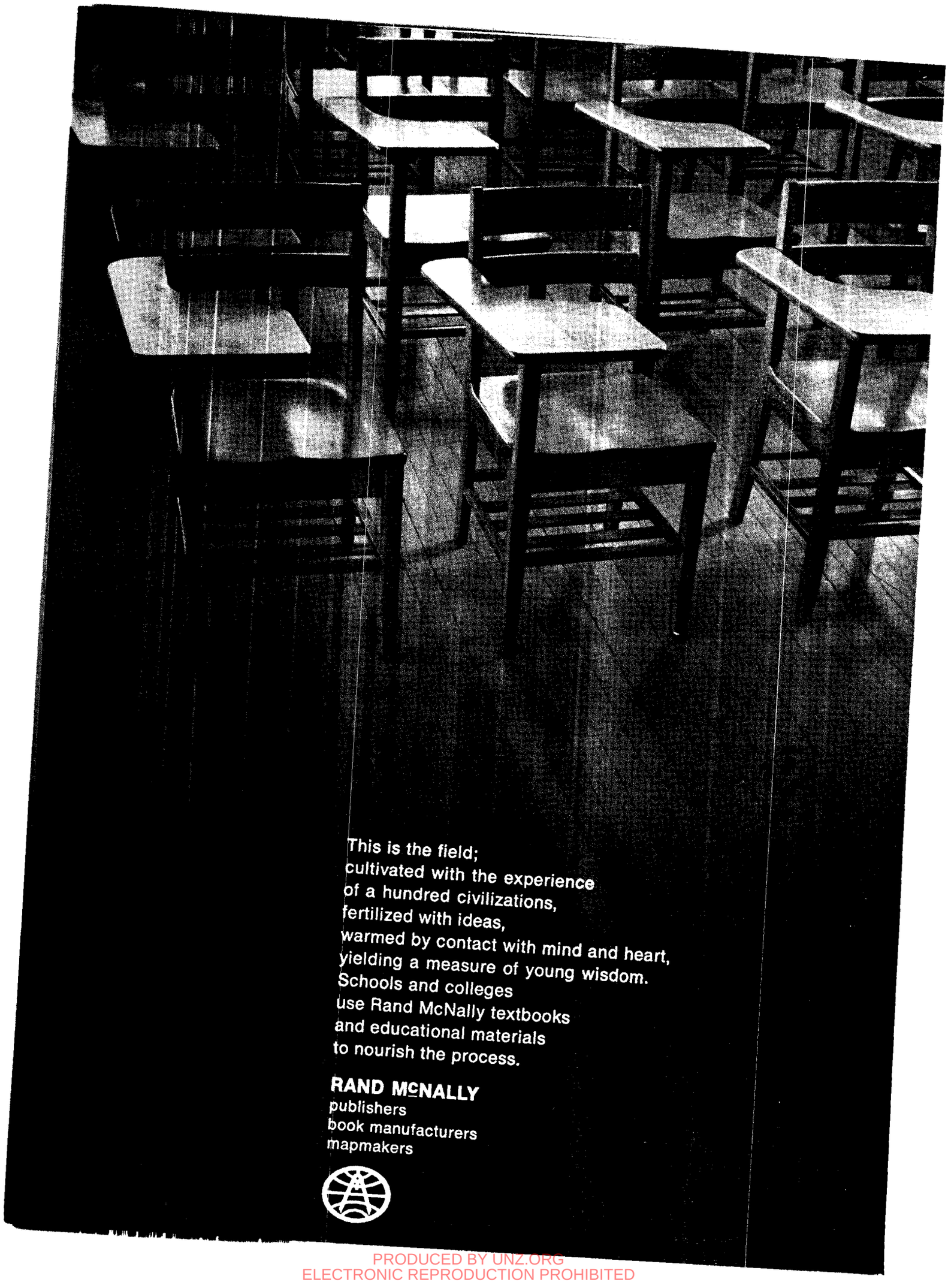


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*Literary Horizons*

# The Unsmug Liberal

By GRANVILLE HICKS

A LITTLE more than a year ago [*SR*, Sept. 9, 1967] I wrote a piece about the first number of *New American Review*. Now the fourth number has appeared (New American Library, $1.25), and it seems safe to say that the child is thriving. The circulation, I am told, has been steadily increasing, and certainly there has been no falling off in quality. Number 2 was good, and Number 3 was better, with a large, lively, and lubricious section of Philip Roth's forthcoming novel and a splendid extract from Josephine Herbst's forthcoming autobiography, together with a variety of stories, poems, and essays by writers known and to be known.

Number 4 not only offers much work of distinction; it exhibits, as the editor, Theodore Solotaroff, says, a trend. "The emphasis of *NAR #4*," he says, "is on American politics," and this has happened, he suggests, not merely because the country is in the midst of a political campaign but also because there is a general sense that our political means are inadequate to the crisis in which we find ourselves.

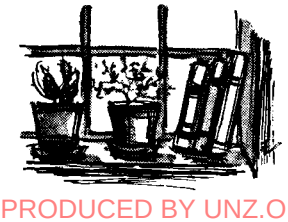
"The purpose of *NAR* is not to tell and foretell the political news," Solotaroff writes, and he had better be glad that this is so, for if that were its function, *NAR #4* would have been out of date before it left the presses. His editorial, he notes, was written shortly after the assassination of Robert Kennedy; I read it just after the subjugation of Czechoslovakia and just before the Democratic convention. These events have forced on me a reconsideration of my political position, but this does not mean that *NAR #4* is presently irrelevant; on the contrary, the mood it reflects is one of the factors to be taken into account in our thinking about where we are and where we are going.

Many stories, essays, and poems in the volume have only a marginal relationship to the present crisis, but two essays and a story are specifically political. The story is by Robert Coover, whose two novels, *Origin of the Brunists* and *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc.: L. Henry Waugh, Prop.*, proved him to be one of the most original of contemporary writers. "The Cat in the Hat for President" embodies some of his wildest and funniest inventions. The idea he borrowed from Dr. Seuss was pretty wild to begin with, as everyone knows who has read Seuss's book to a child; transforming the Seuss character into a Presidential candidate was a brilliant stroke.

Coover's story is pointed as well as funny. The antics of a political campaign, under the direction of Madison Avenue experts, clamors for satiric treatment, and only the most extravagant kind of satire will do. The story seemed funnier, I must admit, before the Democratic convention than it did afterwards. There was less hoopla at Chicago than there was at Miami Beach—presumably because the Republican performance had got a bad press—and some important procedural reforms were adopted. The convention, therefore, was less ridiculous than the Republican affair, but it was considerably more painful. Under the auspices of President Johnson and Mayor Daley, the Democrats reminded us that in the final moments of play it is power that counts.

Conor Cruise O'Brien has contributed a witty essay on the resemblance between political performances and those seen on stage and screen. In particular he emphasizes the influence of the drama on political language, and gives some amusing examples. But he ends with a serious appeal to the intellectuals: "What this suggests," he says, "is that the struggle for public opinion is more important, more complex, and less predictable in its outcome than some of the 'realists' are prepared to allow. Has the intellectual community, so conscious of its alienation, adequately grasped its opportunities and responsibilities in this domain?"

What about "alienation"? Solotaroff says that the term seemed to be wearing out a little while ago but "is now filling again with fresh meaning and experience." Eric Bentley, who discusses what alienation is today, calls his essay, "The Night Is Dark, and I Am Far from Home." The quotation from Cardinal Newman's hymn is intended, I suppose, to remind us that we have no kindly light to lead us. Alienation, then, is a religious problem rather than, as Marx believed, an economic one. But this is not what the young radicals have in mind when they speak of alienation; they are complaining because they have no part in the Establishment.



Alienation has little attraction for me. As I watched Daley's police clubbing and kicking demonstrators, dragging them off by the heels and throwing them into the paddy wagons as if they were sacks of rotten potatoes, I knew that I wanted no part of this kind of law and order. What I felt, however, was indignation at the Americans who had made this thing possible, not alienation from America. I felt as John Dos Passos felt when Sacco and Vanzetti were electrocuted: "America our nation has been beaten by strangers who have turned our language inside out who have taken the clean words our fathers spoke and made them slimy and foul."

What position should we take? According to Solotaroff, liberalism has failed. But what hasn't? If anyone had an idea that Communism was by now a conceivable alternative to the American Way, the overrunning of Czechoslovakia ought to take care of that. And those who



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found something different and better in Castro's brand of Communism must be a little disturbed by his unhesitating approval of the Soviet action. We have learned that international Communism is not monolithic, and that is important, but we cannot assume that all the leopards have changed their spots.

The story in *NAR #4* that I find most moving is Alan Lelchuk's "Of Our Time," which is, as Solotaroff puts it, "a finely observed study of an affair between an unsolid citizen of the academy and a 'freaked-out' mother of two." In an attempt to straighten out their twisted relationship, she accompanies him to an academic party that is full of phonies, and he goes with her to "a very swinging pad" where people are noisier but not more genuine. Lelchuk's solution is little different from Matthew Arnold's in "Dover Beach": "Ah, love, let us be true to one another." Old stuff, to be sure, but better than a reading from Karl Marx.

The crisis of Western civilization, which has a long history, is not going to be solved by political slogans or sad songs about alienation. The great mistake is to believe that there is a solution. I know that Solotaroff is right in saying that "the verities and velleities of liberal humanism have commanded little interest or trust for some time now" and I have no trust myself in a good many people who call themselves liberals. I'm not sure, however, that there is anything it is better to be than an unsmug liberal.

**FRASER YOUNG**
**LITERARY CRYPT No. 1313**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1313 will be found in the next issue.*

UEMSXU EMWXS DEXXWU PEIS

E KBRUSB. UTSBS PVLU JS E PEX

JSTRXN UTS JWWI.

—BEMQT KEMNW SPSBLWX

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***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1312***

*The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no histories.*

—George Eliot.

# Book Forum

## *Letters from Readers*

### The Unstereotypical Right

I don't care any more for Allan Ryskind's biography of Hubert Humphrey than Donald Young did [*SR*, Sept. 7], nor did I care to go out and buy Ralph de Toledano's opus on RFK. But I for one find it tiresome and increasingly inappropriate, every time a conservative writes a political book, to have to wade through the same misconceived and stereotyped *ad hominems* about That Awful Right Wing. A certain level of irony is reached, moreover, with remarks about "standard Right-wing fare" in an age of ever more strident standard Left-wing fare. Perhaps Mr. Young spent too much time in those "side-street bookshops flying the American flag," wherever he finds them, and thus has never heard of Peter Viereck, Clinton Rossiter, Jeffrey Hart, the late Wilmore Kendall, Peter Stanlis, etc.—all right-of-center and all quite unstereotypical.

As for the "little old ladies in tennis shoes," we haven't heard about them for some time now, and I'm happy to be able to say that during the past few years I've personally seen a number of real live little old ladies in tennis shoes. Mainly at peace demonstrations.

Kenneth L. Miner.
New York, N.Y.

### Distortions

Alfred Lindesmith's review of my book *The Drug Scene* [*SR*, Sept. 14] seems so distorted by his personal disagreement with the legal authorities that it is more a promulgation of his views than an analysis of what I wrote.

This seems to me to be grossly unfair. There are eleven chapters in the book, including the first American analysis of the fantastic Swedish stimulant epidemic, a summary of Britain's problems as compared to those in America, two chapters on LSD, a chapter on the turning-on phenomenon, and a careful summary of the various rehabilitation efforts for opiate abuse in the United States. These chapters rated exactly three lines in Lindesmith's discussion. He ignores virtually all my recommendations and devotes two-thirds of his "review" to attacking my views about the current laws in relation to drugs. He thus spends two-thirds of his time on a total of twelve pages of the book, and in doing so manages to blithely distort my views.

I am against legalization because an already intoxicated society must be extraordinarily careful about adding a farrago of intoxicants if we are to function as a society. And I favor laws which are reasonable and flexible because they are needed to prevent proselytizers from turning on through facile generalizations a very large percentage of our young people to truly dangerous drugs such as LSD, intravenous amphetamines, STP, and tetrahydrocannabinol. Even the proponents of legalizing marijuana for the most part agree to control of drugs such as methedrine. I oppose legalization of even marijuana partly because if we start there, where do we stop? Furthermore, as indicated in the book, marijuana is not innocuous, especially for heavy users.

Lindesmith appears to dismiss the dangers of LSD and amphetamines with the statement "if they are injurious at all," which is surprising since the chapters on those drugs clearly detail the potential physical and psychological harms. He accuses me of relying heavily on punishment, which is an outright prevarication since it deliberately ignores important recommendations such as, for example, eradication of urban blight and development of better preventive educational programs.

And finally he says a "basic weakness" of my work is that I don't know the evil history of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Well, I do know the history of the Bureau, but even if I didn't, that which incenses Lindesmith—my support of the FBN—covers one half-paragraph. How could that be a basic weakness of a 206-page book?

Donald B. Louria, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

### Made Pointless

Many thanks for publishing my letter in the Sept. 7 Book Forum. Unfortunately a small error changed the entire meaning of the first paragraph and, therefore, made pointless the whole purpose of my letter. In line 4 of your printed copy my original word "unemployable" was changed to read "unemployed."

Dr. Michael F. Lowitt.
New York, N.Y.

### Progress Into Bankruptcy

Marvin Kalb reviews *The Essence of Security: Reflections in Office* [*SR*, Aug. 31] in the manner of criticizing a second-rate striptease, complaining that the *real* McNamara is not revealed. Such great expectations were possibly created by a pervasive modern American mythology which builds great men to order.

As Secretary of Defense, McNamara had his functions and his failings: he was a great administrator when it came to keeping track of nuts and bolts, but he just could not seem to understand machinery. However, the mere fact that the controversial TFX finally did fly should disarm his more rabid critics. Perhaps McNamara's successor will develop a systematic Proper Procurement Analysis Procedure Program which will avoid the perverted economy of investing in that "mechanics folly," the combination tool. With the slogan "Billions for defense, but not one cent to boot" we can then resume our forward progress into bankruptcy.

Richard Murray.
Seattle, Wash.


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# European Literary Scene

*Robert J. Clements*

**By the external criteria** of political and literary fame, Giovanni Guareschi has died a failure. However, as Christ assured Guareschi's lovable creation Don Camillo, "nothing can defeat a good conscience."

In the years immediately following World War II the very notion of a militant priest and a Communist mayor shaking hands was too implausible in Italy. Perhaps the only way this symbolic act of conciliation could be made credible was in a comic context. Editing the satirical weekly *Bertoldo* and the more popular *Candido* prepared Guareschi to write *The Little World of Don Camillo* (1948), a masterpiece which was to delight readers from the Americas to Japan. This universality is not surprising, for the little town of Brescello in the Po Valley, divided between the adherents of the Red mayor Peppone and those of the energetic and resourceful priest, was emblematic not only of a divided Italy but of postwar Europe. True, Guareschi was a declared monarchist (in the referendum of June 1946, as Manlio Cancogni reminds us, the monarchist vote almost equalled the republican one); nevertheless he was in a conciliatory mood, having returned from almost two years in a German concentration camp. Through his gentle satire he helped to reconcile the two political factions he disliked—Demochristians and Communists—which, incidentally, were cool to his writings. At their crest the Don Camillo stories found their way to the screen, and we all laughed at Fernandel and Gino Cervi as they wrangled and conspired.

**Giovanni Guareschi: "Nothing can defeat a good conscience."**

Guareschi's popularity was immense but short-lived. The inhabitants of the "little worlds" were migrating to the cities. The USSR and the Vatican were getting along better, to the point where Khrushchev's son-in-law paid a visit to Pope John XXIII. The extreme Right and Left had come to terms, independent of the monarchists, and they were able to settle accounts with an old partisan of the crown. At the end of the war Guareschi had accused the Demochristian Prime Minister De Gasperi of having asked the Americans to bombard Rome, for which defamation he was imprisoned. None of the recent obituaries in Italy does justice to a great spirit.

**Three novels from England** compete for our attention this month, each from an old hand at fiction. Frank Swinnerton's *The Bright Lights* (to be published here next month by Doubleday) deals with a West End actress of limited talent early in this century; A. P. Herbert, whose *Holy Deadlock* of 1934 led to a reform in Britain's divorce laws, drops satire for sentiment in *Singing Swan* (Methuen), a sort of paean to the Thames; Nicholas Monsarrat's *Richer Than All His Tribe* (Cassell; due here from Morrow in January) returns to a favorite theme of his, the dangers besetting emergent Africa.

Yet we have promised ourselves to turn rather to Harold Acton, England's expatriate novelist and memorialist. Far from Grub Street, this elegant bachelor lives and writes in La Pietra, probably the most splendid manorial villa in Florence, attended by four servants and six gardeners. If his ancestor Lord Acton limited his utterances to such gems as "power tends to corrupt, absolute power corrupts absolutely," Harold Acton expresses himself in a more leisurely fashion with historical studies, art criticism, and an obviously autobiographical trilogy entitled *Memoirs of an Aesthete*. The first volume deals with the international set in Florence during the first third of this century, when it included such literary figures as D. H. Lawrence (who found a publisher there for *Lady Chatterley*), Aldous Huxley (who was expelled), Norman Douglas, and Somerset Maugham. The second volume will treat the social and cultural vicissitudes of post-Fascist Europe.

Acton's newest novel, *The Last Offer*, departs from the trilogy; it is a satire on directors of art museums who ruin masterpieces by having them badly restored and who boast of the fraudulent paintings they acquire.

Harold Acton is an able spokesman for traditionalism in literature and art. Having resided in Peking (1932-39) and Mexico, he can convince you that a modest Ming vase is infinitely superior to a dozen "vulgar" frescoes by Diego Rivera. He is an unofficial cultural officer for England in Tuscany, generously and patiently showing an endless stream of visitors about his domain, which includes statued gardens and a pinacotheca, and regaling the happy few with sherry or Scotch.

**In Germany at this moment** a multilateral attack on the traditional novel form is continuing. Franz Mon's first book, *Herzzero* ("Heart Zero," Luchterland Verlag, Neuwied), hailed as a contribution to "concrete" literature, seeks to find a "radically new language, new structures, different rules of grammar, and a whole new vocabulary." Jürgen Becker's *Ränder* ("Edges," Suhrkamp, Frankfurt) finds the author still experimenting with ways of undermining the careful structures used by Mann's generation. Peter Chotjewitz's second novel, *Die Insel* ("The Island: Tales Out of the Bear's Eye," Rowohlt), is a piecemeal narrative influenced by techniques from the *nouveau roman*.

It would hardly seem the moment, then, to rejoice over the appearance of the correspondence between Mann and Hermann Hesse (Fischer Verlag/Suhrkamp), even though Mann once hailed *Steppenwolf* as a bold experiment in novelistic techniques comparable to Joyce's *Ulysses*. But perhaps one may be excused for being so old-fashioned; Mann and Hesse both won Nobel Prizes. The volume contains seventy-eight letters from Mann (many already published by Fischer in their edition of Mann's *Briefe*) and forty from Hesse. Although the two really became friends in 1933 (drawn together by their fear of Nazism), the letters cover the period 1910-1955. It all began when Hesse wrote on March 24, 1910, to criticize Mann's *Königliche Hoheit* ("Royal Highness"). Mann's reply was courteous and generous. An even better answer was his *Death in Venice*, which appeared the following year.

**T. S. Eliot had made it** to the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey before the Church of England relented and let Byron make a lithic appearance there, with an uncharacteristic epitaph adjuring the visitor to "pray in peace." The wards of the Abbey, it now appears,

(*Continued on page* 33)



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# For a White House Lily-White?

***Wallace,*** *by Marshall Frady (NAL/World. 246 pp. $5.95), takes a close look at the character and policies of the Alabama ex-governor whose influence may determine the outcome of the 1968 Presidential contest. Ronnie Dugger, an editor at large of The Texas Observer, wrote "Dark Star" and edited "Three Men in Texas."*

By RONNIE DUGGER

WITH GEORGE WALLACE leading both Humphrey and Nixon in eight or nine states and holding a balance of power in many others, Marshall Frady's book on the Presidential wildcatter matters less as literature than as data. Frady had wanted to write a novel based on Wallace, but the dangers of the moment forced art back to reality. It is the chief weakness of Frady's *Wallace* that the author could not quite forgo his lingering desire to contrive still another of those colorful romances on debauched Southern politicians.

A native of Georgia, Frady was raised and schooled in the South and has done most of his reporting there. He is one of those decent Southern white liberals who lament for their region while sympathizing, of course, with the Negroes. Although in the end he tells us much we need to know, we must be patient while he works out his wish that he were writing a novel.

At the outset Frady commits the grave offense of romanticizing racism and hate. In a novel this might pass; in a biography of the nation's most effective racist it does not. The Negroes in the South seem to be submerged in Frady's consciousness—the X-factor, always to be kept in mind somewhere, like that ancient, illiterate Negro handyman who, Frady writes, was as familiar around the boy Wallace's house "as an old, dear, dutiful dog." Meanwhile, thanks to spectatorial journalism, you are there. "On a cold, rain-flicked night" George Wallace "bobbed spryly" down an airplane gangway "as flashbulbs stammered in the rain." We watch as Wallace removes "his wetly chewed cigar" to say something, cants his hips, spits in his handkerchief, "[dabs] his lips swiftly with Chapstick," or searches, frequently, for the bathroom.

We must also assimilate, and dismiss, a number of those extravagant Southernisms: Virtually all Southerners "have about them, to a certain degree, . . . a quality of loosely leashed readiness for mayhem." Southeast Alabama is "an amiably violent country." "The central fact" about the South is still "its defeat in the Civil War," and Wallace "answers the romance of defeat," from which it of course still follows that there is something honorable and terrible and wonderful in last stands for lost Southern causes—such as keeping the Negroes in their place. How long are we going to be expected to agonize with Faulkner's ghost over these desiccated rationalizations?

Most gravely, Frady—blinded or dazzled or both by his subject—presents Wallace as a democratic hero. It is true that Wallace is audacious, gutsy, and driven, and he is most wily; his hidden advantage is the contempt with which supercilious liberals approach him. But that certain silliness in Southern rhetoric leads Frady into such bemused declarations as these: It seems probable that Wallace will be recorded as "the greatest of the American demagogues—the classic of his species." "His morality is the morality of the majority. . . . He is the ultimate product of the democratic system. . . . His one vision of man is the old vision—man is perpetually embattled on this earth. . . ." His political energy is "the absolute fact of his destiny, a condition of will that was quite outside time." And "Wallace's own identification with 'the folks' is almost sensuous, almost mystic. They are his only reality."

HOW, after churning out all this bunk, Frady can have produced a book worth reading I don't know, but he has. For one thing, we now desperately need facts about Wallace. In the polls he gets about one out of five votes for President. It is therefore reasonable to anticipate that if the House of Representatives selects the next President on the constitutionally ordained basis of one state, one vote, this man about whom so little is really known may have the influence to decide the outcome.

Reciting improbable Alabama election statistics, Wallace contends he has nothing against Negroes and has Negro

—*Paul Conklin, Pix.*

**George Wallace: "Big Jim's always been weak on the nigguh issue. . . ."**

—*Wide World.*

**"Big Jim" Folsom: "George wasn't no race bigot either back yonder. . . . He just wanted to get elected to things, that's all."**



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support. Frady reminds us that shortly before becoming governor of Alabama in 1962 Wallace said: "I'm gonna make race the basis of politics in this state, and I'm gonna make it the basis of politics in this country." Wallace operates on the assumption, Frady reports, that "Nigguhs hate whites, and whites hate nigguhs. Everybody knows that deep down." Wallace whispered to a reporter in Cleveland that "whole heap of folks in this country feel the same way I do. Race is what's gonna win this thing for me."

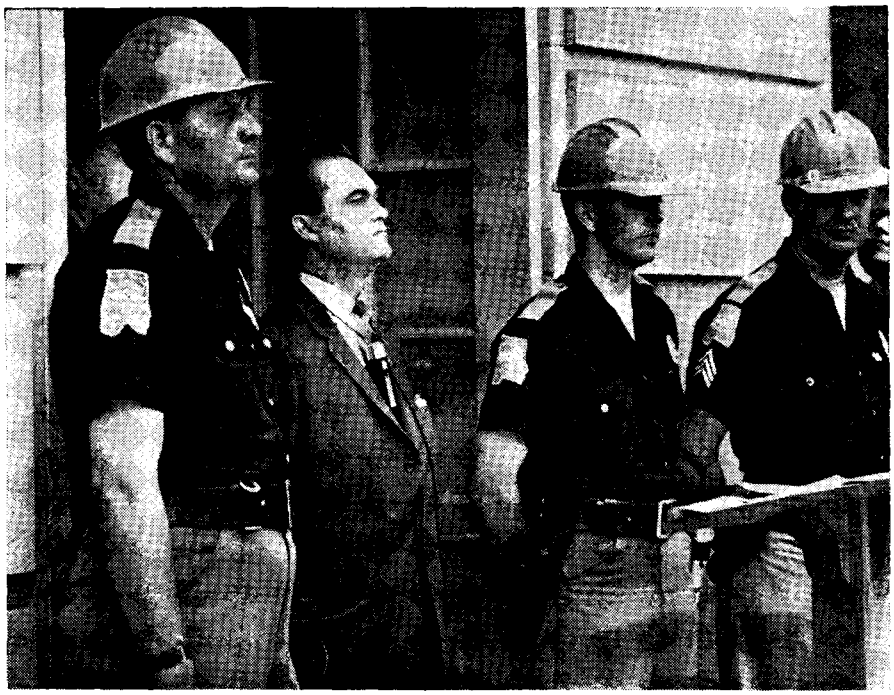
On the way to a rally in Alabama in 1966 Wallace said: "Nigguh comes up to a white woman down here like they do up North, tryin' all that stuff, he's gonna get shot. Yessuh. Or get his head busted. . . . They start a riot down here, first one of 'em to pick up a brick gets a bullet in the brain, that's all. . . . Let 'em see you shoot down a few of 'em, and you got it stopped."

When Robert Kennedy went to South Africa, Wallace suggested he should stay there. Of a Republican opponent Wallace once said that he "sounds just like a nigguh preacher or senator." If, Wallace says, "you go put a nigguh" in poor whites' schools, the whites are "gettin' run over and trampled." When his wife was elected "governor" Wallace called off the inaugural ball on the pretext, according to a friend, that "he didn't want any nigguhs showing up and dancing with Lurleen." If elected President, he says, he would move the national Capital "out of all that muggin' and so on."

FRADY recounts that as a young magazine salesman Wallace used to tell poor blacks that the federal government required them to "have readin' material," such, for example, as he would trade them for some of their chickens. A poor white on the make, Wallace latched onto the liberal "Folsom revolution," asking "Big Jim" to appoint him to the board of trustees of Tuskegee Institute, the Negro college. But after Folsom angered whites by having a drink with Adam Clayton Powell at the governor's mansion, Wallace turned against his patron, saying, "Big Jim's always been weak on the nigguh issue. . . . Ain't you heard folks talkin'?"

"I refused to use the race issue," Frady quotes Folsom. "They was just against me 'cause I wouldn't hang niggers. . . . If you won't hang niggers, there ain't no use in runnin', that's all. It's an old Southern custom. . . . George wasn't no race bigot either back yonder. . . . He just wanted to get elected to things, that's all."

In 1953 Wallace, as a judge, prohibited the removal of segregation signs in railroad terminals. After an opponent for governor beat him in 1958 by being more racist than he was, he announced



—*Wide World.*

**Governor Wallace on the steps of the University of Alabama: "I will never myself submit voluntarily to any integration of any school system in Alabama."**

that "I'm not goin' to be out-nigguhed again," and he wasn't. In the course of defying integration at the University of Alabama he cried out, "Segregation now! Segregation tomorrow! Segregation forever!" He had his state troopers, Confederate flags on their license plates and their helmets, descend on Birmingham with carbines and shotguns to help "Bull" Connor suppress the Negro demonstrations. When Macon County's school board voted to obey a court order to integrate, Wallace ordered his troopers to close the school. He told Attorney General Kennedy during the university crisis, "I will never myself submit voluntarily to any integration of any school system in Alabama."

Already, though, Wallace was double-talking. "Listen," he said to Kennedy in their taped conversation, "I have nothing against people of opposite color. . . . I just don't believe in social and educational mixin'." As he has moved into national politics, he seems to be banking on the political axiom that voters cannot remember more than two years back, while also using "a kind of code" so that, as a former Alabama senator says, "people will know he's telling them, 'A nigger's trying to get your job, trying to move into your neighborhood.' " Frady's service to the present is that he will not let us forget the truth, not only that Wallace is a racist, but that he is a violence-rationalizing racist: "People enjoy fightin'. That's the way folks are."

Wallace himself was a pugilist who picked up extra change in fights, and his brother Gerald is quoted as saying that George "was just mean as hell. I got a six-inch scar today on my leg, right here on my thigh, where he spiked me once slidin' into second base. He did it on purpose, too. We had a fight right there. . . ." According to Frady, Wallace once expressed "the hope that John Doar, frequent Justice Department emissary into Alabama, would be shot between the eyes before too very long"; and that he paroled "a Klansman convicted of emasculating a Negro whom he and a carload of other brutes had picked up at random."

WALLACE's style in opposing integration has defied law and solicited forcible confrontation. When the U.S. Civil Rights Commission demanded to see the voting records of the counties in then Judge Wallace's circuit, Wallace said that if any agent of the commission came to get them, "he will be locked up." Ordered by Federal Judge Frank Johnson to yield the records, Wallace ostensibly refused and then contended, evidently with pride, that he was guilty of contempt of court. When running for governor he promised to place his body in the door of any school ordered to integrate; at the University he did so. In 1967, Frady writes, Wallace "toyed with the idea of assembling a kind of statewide vigilante posse of some one hundred thousand volunteers, 'so when the troops come, we'll have a few folks waitin' for 'em,' " but he was dissuaded.

Frady suggests but does not himself specify the danger that Wallace could lead the United States into totalitarianism. If any U.S. state is totalitarian, the author observes, it's Alabama, and Ala-



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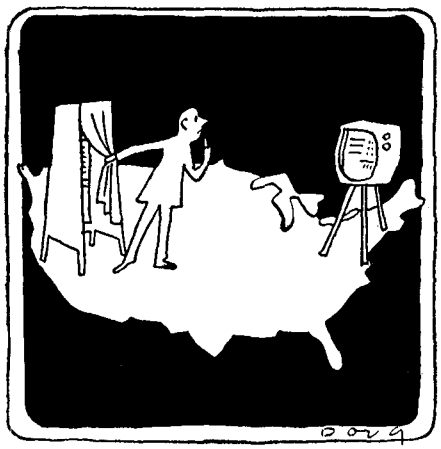
bama belongs to Wallace. "Serious and sober" dissenters there have begun to talk about Wallace "in terms of the Third Reich." A state senator, while opposing Wallace's bid that the state constitution be set aside to let him run for a third term as governor, warned that Wallace "is going to pit the white race against the minorities in this country the same way Adolf Hitler pitted the master race against the Jews."

As Frady tells it, Wallace has at least one saving grace: "As governor, [he] proved to be, aside from his racial aberration, essentially a Populist." Frady points out that Wallace built new schools, roads, nursing homes, and clinics, and initiated a free-textbook policy. But he accords only a single sentence to Wallace's reactionary tax laws. For a fuller look at Wallace as governor, here is a brief quote from William Bradford Huie, who is a much tougher-minded person than Frady:

> As governor, Wallace raised the sales tax on food to 6 per cent. . . . He further punished his poor whites, as well as poor Negroes, by boosting the beer tax and the tobacco tax, by doubling the cost of driver's licenses and tripling the cost of auto tags. He prevented any increase in property or personal income taxes. He rammed through a law which provides that corporate income taxes in Alabama can be raised only by constitutional amendment. He killed all proposals for a minimum wage law, preserved the state's rigid right-to-work (antiunion) law and made sure that Alabama's workman's compensation law remains the most unfavorable to labor in the United States.
>
> Alabama now has the highest sales tax and the lowest property tax of any state. . . . Newsmen have called Wallace a Populist. . . . This is a horrible mistake. (*True*, July 1968.)

Huie, though, overlooks one detail Frady does not. Wallace proposed banning subversive speakers from state campuses, and he wants to cut off all foreign aid for a year (more recently he has advocated cutting it off from nations that won't join us in prosecuting the Vietnam war). Wallace is such a primitive anti-Communist that he told a German-born American he was sorry we had to fight in World War II against "those anti-Communist nations" Germany and Japan, and that "I thought that back then. Hell, we should have been in those trenches with the Germans, with yawl, fightin' them Bolsheviks. . . ."

IS this fellow entirely well? Frady considers it rather unsporting of Senator Morse to have mentioned that Wallace was discharged from the Army with a 10 per cent nervous disability; but it is hardly unsporting to take an interest in the mental stability of a man who is



within lurching distance of the power to destroy civilization. Let it be said, as quietly as possible, that the question of the mental health of Presidential candidates is a legitimate one, since life on earth depends on it.

Frady himself pauses over a confusing discontinuity in Wallace's conversation and the egomaniacal attention he gives to such trivia as Wallace stickers on passing cars and trucks. Frady also reports that when Wallace's 1962 race for governor finally began, Wallace "momentarily crumbled. . . . [He] couldn't remember the names of his closest advisers. He began to be haunted by the notion that his campaign had run out of money. . . . [A] few friends finally persuaded him to enter the hospital." He recovered after a few days.

Frady quotes a Wallace monologue about pulling Yankees' legs, and his talk gradually takes the following turn:

> "Those fellas in the barracks from New Yoke and Chicago. . . . A lot of those boys thought you were just ignorant 'cause you came from the South. . . . We'd see how fast we could make a fella come up out of his bunk. . . . Then, when I got that attack of meningitis and like to died, I heard folks talkin' about how meningitis could affect your mind. So . . . I'd do this little shuffle, you know, and kind of jerk my head at 'em. They'd jump clear over against the wall. We'd be eatin' in the dining hall, and I could feel them all watchin' me outa the corner of their eyes. So after a while I'd start talkin' crazy in a little low quiet voice, start sharpenin' this kitchen knife"—he made a slow steady motion like a barber stropping a razor "—and I'd tell 'em Roy Acuff was comin' to see me one of these nights. 'And if he don't come,' I'd say, 'I'm gonna come see a few of yawl when you're asleep.' I'd keep on sharpenin' that knife, lookin' at 'em, you know, and givin' a little jerk of my head ever once and a while—. . . . Sometime, after we had all sat down at the table, I'd just start up singin' *Wabash Cannonball*. . . . Then I'd stop and peer at them fellas down the table, all of 'em kinda leanin' over and lookin' at me, and I'd start sharpenin' that knife again and tell 'em, 'Ole Roy better get here tomorrow.' They finally hunted up the psychiatrist and told him about me. They had the guards watchin' me before long. The psychiatrist came down the hall one afternoon . . . and asked me, real casual-like. . . . 'How you feelin'? You havin' antagonisms?' So I told him"—Wallace ducked his head and whispered behind his hand—" 'Everything's fine, if Roy ever gets here.' He told me, 'Well, we put in a call for him, but—' I told him, 'Well, I sho appreciate that. You know, all these other fellas, they against me. They're crazy.' He said, 'Unh-hunh,' and nodded and walked off. After a while, I got to thinkin' about it, and realized things were gettin' a little serious. Folks were puttin' chairs up against their doors. I finally went to the psychiatrist and told him I'd just been foolin'. He just nodded and said 'Unh-hunh' again, and then asked me if I was havin' antagonisms. It took me some time to convince him I'd just been playin'. . ."

Well, the Southern boy's practical joke does get elaborate, but Wallace is not playing now. Frady's work should convince his readers that Wallace has discovered and is hollowing out a great darkness within the American possibility. Democratic, optimistic, Christian, we have always assumed we could not do anything like what the Germans did to the Jews—it's just not in us. Wallace shows us that it is.

## WIT TWISTER #80

By ARTHUR SWAN

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ had a
lovely, willful wife,
Who quite _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
him by her wanton life.
Vague rumors had but _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ him at first,
But when like a _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _ the full truth
burst
And threatened to _ _ _ _
_ _ _ him, then, aghast,
He slew her ere her future topped
her past!

(*Answer on page* 46)



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# No Resuscitation for a Mortal Work

***The Nature and Tendency of Free Institutions,** by Frederick Grimke, edited by John William Ward (Harvard University Press. 705 pp. $12.50), first published in 1848 but practically unknown until now, examines the political life and institutions of the American people as they appeared to a scholar during the Administration of James Polk. Milton R. Konvitz, Cornell professor of law and industrial and labor relations, is author of "Religious Liberty and Conscience," to be issued this fall.*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

FREDERICK GRIMKE published and perished. Now, however, the reputable John Harvard Library is bravely trying to give Grimke a new life—or will it be a decent burial in a grand, expensive mausoleum?

Because the transplant of organs raises some nice technical and moral questions about the determination of the death of the donor, medical men are trying to agree on a method of making certain that the donor is really, finally dead—dead enough to satisfy the conscience of any relative, scientist, clergyman or moralist. Perhaps there ought to be a high-level public commission to certify when a book is irrefutably dead, so that ignorance of its existence and contents will not be questioned by any learned society, scholarly journal, or Ph.D. candidate's graduate committee. With the knowledge explosion that threatens to inundate all libraries and human capacities, heavens knows it is a serious enough business for any conscientious scholar or professional man to keep up with the new books, monographs, studies, reports, and journals without aggravating his plight by resurrecting the dead and their never-known or long-forgotten books, Perhaps, as in the case of a public utility, no book once dead ought to be allowed to be brought back to life unless the publishers can produce a certificate of public convenience and necessity. Every now and then, it seems, some persons need to be reminded of a rather elementary truth—the Pope, for example, that the unborn have no rights; publishers, that the dead have no rights.

The 705-page book before us is an interesting case to consider. Born in South Carolina in 1791, Grimke was graduated from Yale, and studied and practiced law in Charleston. He then, for unknown reasons, moved to Chillicothe, Ohio, where he became a judge. At forty-five he was elected to the Ohio Supreme Court, but after six years he resigned and turned his attention to study and writing. In 1848 he published *The Nature and Tendency of Free Institutions.* In 1856 he brought out a second and enlarged edition. He died in 1863. In his will Grimke left money for a third edition, which was issued in 1871. The two new editions were not, however, responses to public demand. According to the excellent introduction in the John Harvard Library edition, by Professor John William Ward, there was in Grimke's lifetime only one substantial review of the book, and in the twentieth century there has been thus far only one article on Grimke. The Encyclopaedia Britannica has an article on Grimke's sisters Angelina and Sarah, famous abolitionists and leaders in the struggle for civil rights for women; but there is no article on Frederick Grimke. Although he made three bids for fame, Grimke cannot be said even to have been an obscure figure in American thought. It was as if he had never lived.

In American literature we have had instances of books that took their time in coming to life. Everyone knows that Thoreau's publishers sent him 706 unsold copies of his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,* out of a printing of 1,000, and that Thoreau wrote: "I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself." Although by 1953 there were 133 editions of *Walden,* in his own lifetime Thoreau hardly tasted the fame of his book; it took the publishers almost four years to sell out the 2,000 copies of the first edition.

For the first seventy years after its publication few persons noticed *Moby-Dick.* It was only after the centennial of Melville's birth, followed by Raymond Weaver's pioneering biography in 1921 and Lewis Mumford's sensitive study of Melville's thought in 1929, that the world at last took *Moby-Dick* seriously.

There are even instances of great American books that waited in manuscript for centuries before publication. Edward Taylor, for example, now accepted as our foremost Colonial poet, was unknown until his poems were published for the first time in 1937, more than 200 years after his death.

EACH case must be considered on its own merits. What of the past is worth preserving, and what of the past should be rejected as unworthy of remembrance or should be simply forgotten, are questions that involve the critic's most delicate conscience. As T. S. Eliot observed in his famous essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent," when a new work is introduced the whole existing order of related works must be altered, if ever so slightly, and all the others re-evaluated, and each must be readjusted to the others. It is as if the poems of Edward Taylor in 1937 said to all American poets: "Move over a bit. Give me my *Lebensraum.*" Then there would be some commotion until Taylor took his place, and the intellectual historians and the literary critics would need to revise their notions of Colonial poetry and poets, and perhaps even of all American poetry

# Your Literary I. Q.

*Conducted by David M. Glixon*

PARTY LINES

With the political season in full swing, Mildred Ain of Sherman Oaks, Calif., provides an impartial list of words containing the consecutive letters that stand for the two major parties, giving equal and alternate time to each. Fill in the blanks to conform to the meanings alongside; the results will be telecast on page 31.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. DEM _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ | show plainly |
| 2. _ _ REP _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ | what cannot be supplanted |
| 3. _ _ _ DEM | one behind another |
| 4. _ REP _ _ | cut a disk out of |
| 5. DEM _ _ _ | reduce to a lower grade |
| 6. _ REP _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ | superiority in weight, influence, etc. |
| 7. DEM _ _ _ _ _ | in a prim or coy manner |
| 8. _ _ REP _ _ _ _ _ _ _ | a virulent bacterium |
| 9. DEM _ _ _ | insist upon |
| 10. _ _ REP _ _ _ _ _ _ _ | what cannot be restrained |
| 11. DEM _ _ _ _ _ | insanity |
| 12. REP _ _ _ _ _ _ | offensive to taste or feeling |
| 13. DEM _ _ | an evil spirit |
| 14. REP _ _ _ _ _ _ | reject |
| 15. DEM _ _ _ _ _ | deportment |
| 16. _ REP _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ | utterly absurd or impracticable |



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in its entire range in view of Taylor's belated arrival.

This is an awesome undertaking; and the fact that the new work is not really new but is, like *Walden*, or *Moby-Dick*, or the poems of Edward Taylor, a freshly discovered old work of art should make no difference. We read Vergil and Dante and Thoreau for their imaginative, artistic, spiritual qualities, without worrying about the date of composition or of original publication, without concern with the public or critical reception enjoyed or suffered by the book when it originally appeared.

But we face, I think, a rather different set of problems when we are asked to accept, read, and take in account a work like that by Frederick Grimke—a work of scholarship and of political analysis and critique. After having thrice failed to affect its contemporaries, the book now, in effect, asks all living and future political scientists, political thinkers, and American intellectual historians to read its 700 pages, to make room for it in all histories of political thought, and to assimilate its contents with the deposits to tradition made by Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Tocqueville, Calhoun, and others of a distinguished company.

These men are different from Grimke in at least one very significant way: they had influence, their writings have been read and studied over the years, their thoughts have had effects. Grimke remained unknown for 120 years. It is one thing to read an old work like Tocqueville's *Democracy in America,* which has had a continuous life since its first publication in 1840, and quite another thing to read a book that has been totally dead for well over a century. It comes without the pulse, the vibration of life, of memory, of history. It was different with Edward Taylor, for he had not been dead; he was born in 1937. It was different with the works of Thoreau and with *Moby-Dick,* for they were works of consummate art; time does not bite into such creations.

If Grimke had attempted to depict the American government and other political institutions as he saw them in the first half of the nineteenth century, his book might have considerable value as a period piece, like William Cobbett's *Rural Rides.* But there is relatively little of descriptive matter in the book. There is much abstraction, generalization, and even more argumentation about government in general, about democratic government, elections, written constitutions, the legislative power, the judicial power, and the executive power. The book has a chapter on the right of states to secede, and a chapter against the abolition of slavery in the South. Grimke was a studious man, as is evidenced by numerous references to events and characters in ancient and modern history, and to other writers—Edmund Burke, Francis Bacon, John Calhoun, Locke, Hume, Gwizot, and many others. His style is ponderous, though not oppressively so. Grimke permits himself many digressions, to convey a variety of observations on life, history, institutions, and historical figures, but usually he returns to the main subject.

It is interesting that Grimke's treatise could have been thought out and written in a place like Chillicothe, Ohio (1960 population 25,000) in the 1840s. A bachelor, a retired judge living in hotel rooms, he probably had little opportunity and perhaps no inclination for simple and direct conversation; the digressions in his book may have been his way of communicating with the world.

The pity is that his contemporaries did not read Grimke's book. They could have learned from it; many of his observations, including some of his digressions, could have provoked them to independent thinking. The work might have been influential and have entered the mainstream of American thought—not as a major work, but nonetheless noteworthy as an expression of the American mind. While it would have had few readers in the last hundred years, a scholar trying to do with American political thought what Van Wyck Brooks did with literature in his *Makers and Finders,* or what Joseph Dorfman did with economic theory in *The Economic Mind in American Civilization,* would have found some modest space for Grimke.

His contemporaries bypassed Grimke, however, and so did subsequent generations. Now his book makes a fourth bid for recognition, and under excellent auspices. Its credentials are all in order, but I am afraid that the book cannot be brought to life. It comes too late and with too little. Read today, it lacks a redeeming original insight; and only an antiquarian interest can justify spending one's precious time perusing Grimke's brief on the right of secession, or his racist news on Negro slavery. Professor Ward, commenting on the latter, says that the "best excuse" for them "is to point out that he shared a view of race pervasive in his time." But I think this simply won't do when Grimke had before him the example of his sisters and of his brother-in-law Theodore Weld, whom many historians regard as the most important figure in the antislavery movement, more important even than William Lloyd Garrison. Surely Grimke had as much freedom to rise above the view "pervasive in his time" as they had.

The John Harvard Library, we are told by the publisher, "exists to make books and documents about the American past more readily available to scholars and the general reader." To recommend Grimke's book to the general reader in 1968 is about as just as recommending Sir Robert Folmer's *Patriarcha,* an exposition of the theory of the divine right of kings.

To a book like *The Nature and Tendency of Free Institutions* I think it would be just and decent to apply the wisdom of the preacher in *Ecclesiastes*: "And if a tree falleth to the south or to the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there let it lie."

# With Mankind as Audience

***The United Nations: Sacred Drama,*** *by Conor Cruise O'Brien and Feliks Topolski (Simon & Schuster. 320 pp. $7.95), presents a dual portrait in words and pictures of the world organization as a stage on which the actors symbolize mighty forces. Eric Britter has for the past fifteen years been New York and United Nations correspondent for The Times of London.*

By ERIC BRITTER

TWO HIGHLY INDIVIDUALISTIC VIEWS of the United Nations, one in words and the other in pictures, are presented within these covers. They will not appeal to all tastes, or even to most tastes, but just the same they are worth having. If they annoy or bore some people, they are certain to stimulate others.

Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, as every-

—*From "The United Nations: Sacred Drama."*



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one knows who has been around the United Nations in recent years, is nothing if not controversial. He was a member of the Irish Foreign Service and a delegate from Ireland before being seconded to the service of the U.N. during the Congo crisis of 1960-61. His words and actions throughout this period established him as a maverick. This reputation he confirmed in his earlier book *To Katanga and Back*, a highly critical study of the U.N. "peace-keeping operation" in which he made no bones of his differences with the late Dag Hammarskjöld and others.

Now Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at New York University, Dr. O'Brien carries his theories a stage further in this longish essay. He argues that the United Nations is a form of sacred drama in which the personages symbolize mighty forces, the audience is mankind, and the theme is the destiny of man.

FROM these premises he goes on to assert that the Secretary-General, as a sort of high priest, should be above suspicion or partisanship, and therefore should not assume the "temporal" role of conducting peace-keeping operations and thus falling foul of one or another Great Power. When this happens, argues Dr. O'Brien, the authority and impartiality of the United Nations are compromised. Consequently, the Security Council should delegate the duty of running such international operations as those in the Middle East, the Congo, and Cyprus to a "Co-ordinator" who would assume the onus and take the blame for mistakes and misjudgments.

Now I for one, and in spite of the fact that Dr. O'Brien is kind enough to refer to me in flattering terms, find this unconvincing. I do not see how delegating the ultimate authority for such operations to some *ad hoc* third party can save the world body from being involved in controversies arising from them. Nor do I see the force of the author's contention that "the involvement of the Secretary-General in a local, peace-keeping operation increases the danger of world war."

The book includes more than 100 full-page drawings by Mr. Feliks Topolski, ranging in subject from the early days of the U.N. in Flushing Meadows to the operations in the Congo and the Middle East. The sketches are impressionistic and imprecise. As such, they provide a good background for the text.

### LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. demonstrate. 2. irreplaceable. 3. tandem. 4. trepan. 5. demote. 6. preponderance. 7. demurely. 8. streptococcus. 9. demand. 10. irrepressible. 11. dementia. 12. repugnant. 13. demon. 14. repudiate. 15. demeanor. 16. preposterous.

# Art Imitates Life Imitating Art

***The Public Image*** *(Knopf. 144 pp. $4.50) and* ***Collected Stories: I*** *(Knopf. 359 pp. $6.95), by Muriel Spark, comprise, respectively, the story of a movie actress who translates her every experience into a cinematic cliché, and a collection of tales about eccentrics, self-deceivers, misfits, and purveyors of nastiness. Robert Maurer is chairman of the Department of Literature at Antioch College in Ohio.*

By ROBERT MAURER

WOULD THAT I COULD FOLLOW a current trend and identify for every reader a thinly disguised real-life counterpart of Annabel Christopher, the movie-star heroine of Muriel Spark's latest ingenious construction. Could I, there at least would be a fleshed, three-dimensional referent for the celluloid transparency that she is. There being no such person, up to the time of her last fade-out she exists for us as little more than a flickering optical illusion.

This, no doubt, is largely what Mrs. Spark intends, and the sort of thing we now expect of her—still another weird conjuration. Since *The Comforters* in 1957 each of her successive eight novels has been a variety of trick, and her short stories, particularly those dealing with either the occult or her odd brand of mystical Roman Catholicism, are often equally deceptive. In fact, though the full body of her longer works can be viewed justly in many ways, one way is surely as sorcery in parody form, as a series of magical transformations of one mode into another, all spiked with grim, sardonic comedy. *Robinson*, her second novel, took off on whodunits; her third (and still her best), *Memento Mori*, was a bizarre version of a ghost story; *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* wryly mimicked the fiction of Britain's angry young men; and so on. Joining this list, *The Public Image* proposes yet another metamorphosis: all of us, Mrs. Spark seems to be saying, are familiar with novel turned into film; what would happen if one turned film into novel?

For it is the cinematic texture of this new work that marks it most distinctly, not, as the title may suggest, the phony representations of famous people foisted on us by the communications media. Actually, Annabel represents two public images. One refers to "the English Lady-Tiger," the false metaphor by which her fans know her, of smoldering sex hidden beneath expressionless British reserve. It operates when she insists that her profligate husband maintain the façade of their supposed idyllic marriage, or when she is protecting the reality of

—*Jerry Bauer.*

**Muriel Spark—"sorcery in parody form."**

their child from distortions by the press.

The other and more important image relates to the public's—and Annabel's—tendency to translate every experience into some clichéd configuration derived from the movies. When she and her fellow characters talk (as they constantly do) like people from the script she is studying for tomorrow's shooting, or when she arranges each scene of her life as if she were both its director and star, she is proceeding by way of the second image. Both images undo her until her final moment, when in an untypical gesture of moral bravery she asserts her natural self. But it is the screen image that is ultimately the most pervasive and destructive force and that makes this work a circular pattern of art that imitates life, which in turn imitates a popular art.

Mrs. Spark is apparently a diligent student of film or she would not have caught so much so well, from the vapid overintensity of the dialogue to the corny intricacies of the plot. As Annabel enters a new apartment in Rome where she and her family will live while she makes her next picture, the backdrop of filmdom is painted in as if this were to be a European version of our own Hollywood novels. Here is the great Italian director, there the pliable mistress and casual seduction; here are the hangers-on and betraying friends, there the ambitious press secretary; here is Rome, cradle of the Seven Capital Sins, there the orgies and grotesque scenes that remind one so much of *La Dolce Vita*. Only when Annabel's husband, seeking to destroy her, arranges his suicide so that all later events must conform to a madcap series of motion picture sequences does the novel begin to approach "an ethical shocker," Mrs. Spark's label for it.

The label will surprise no one who



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knows her work. Never content with merely creating a tour de force, she has constantly striven to wrest large issues of good and evil from her material, however familiar and small it may be; and it is here that the trickiness of *The Public Image* thwarts her usual purpose. Her main problem was to keep the novel from being as pointless as a second-rate movie. But moral questions barely apply to a creature of images; Annabel is too small for the weight of ethical principles she is finally asked to bear. After her husband's death it occurs to her that there must have been vast unknowns in him. She cannot understand why he should have chosen to die in the Church of St. Paul and St. John, among martyrs, shedding his blood on her public image. Nor should she understand, as Mrs. Spark certainly does. About Annabel, half living, there are no unknowns, no mysteries, no depths, only the faintest indications that the empty shell she is ever contained possibilities for ethical awareness. We may pity her, sympathize with her as victim, but we can never see her as protagonist in a significant moral conflict.

This same gulf between the author's awareness and her characters' exists as well in the short stories of Muriel Spark, here gathered in one volume. Like her novels, they are too various in approach and tone for any quick, over-all classification. In quality too they range from unsubstantial bagatelles to such well-known masterpieces as "The Portobello Road" and "The Go-Away Bird." However, with *The Public Image* in mind, one is hit repeatedly in reading these tales by the singular air of superiority, of tender but confident condescension, with which she regards her strange collection of eccentrics, self-deceivers, misfits, and purveyors of reprehensible nastiness. Norms of judgment do appear, but they are apt to be like those of the drunkard Macgregor in "A Sad Tale's Best for Winter," whose whole life work is the "contemplation of corruption"; like those of a woman in "The Ormolu Clock" who regards an antagonist, an ineffectual innkeeper, "with high contempt and deep pity, feverish triumph and chilly fear"; or like Sybil at the end of the marvelous "Bang-bang You're Dead," asking herself, "Am I a woman... or an intellectual monster?"

Mrs. Spark's awareness encompasses that of all these characters, and more. She undoubtedly knows the extent of her own self-controlled poise, the intellectuality of her pessimism, her crisp sort of kindness, her impatience with moral obliquity. To request that she alter these characteristics in her work would be to ask her to surrender her uniqueness—and, one hastens to add, much of her delight and pleasure. Yet one wonders how vast a reserve of sympathy lies beneath the iceberg of her consciousness, and how far beyond trickery her work would go if she let it show through.

# The Birds of Stafford Mountain

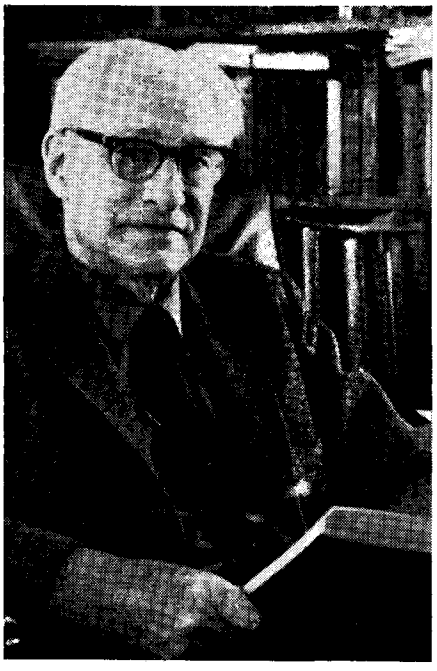
***The Department,*** *by Gerald Warner Brace (Norton. 289 pp. $4.95), takes the form of a memoir by an aging professor. Hassell A. Simpson teaches English at Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia.*

By HASSELL A. SIMPSON

"I SLEEP WELL, MOSTLY, but I compose farewell speeches." That is Professor Robert Sanderling, anticipating retirement in a fictional memoir called *The Department,* the eleventh novel by Gerald Warner Brace.

Like the author's *The Spire* of sixteen years ago, it concerns a professor of English, descendant of Vermont farmers on Stafford Mountain; but whereas Henry Gaunt of *The Spire* was a strong and capable young man, Sanderling and others seem to regard his life as all but futile.

A more intriguing resemblance is that between the narrator and his creator. Inevitably, some readers will claim that *The Department* is autobiographical despite the author's disavowal, for like Sanderling he took degrees at Harvard, wrote a novel about New England farm life, and now faces retirement after some thirty years as a professor of English. Professor Brace's colleagues at Boston University may suspect that they are exposed or lampooned in *The Department,* for Sanderling's colleagues—named Coote, Grosbeck, McLoon, Partridge, and Piper—are not rare birds at all. Anyone who has ever taken a college course in English will recognize their characteristic songs and plumage, and whoever has tried teaching an English course will see in these avians some feather that might have dropped from his own flights.



**Gerald Warner Brace—his "distinction is a double clarity."**

Nevertheless, Professor Brace intends no special local reference. The very familiarity of his academic types means that they share universal qualities. And while Sanderling is modestly writing a private memoir, hoping to conceal his shame as a cuckold and an imposter (as he thinks himself), Mr. Brace in publishing such a book about his profession demonstrates considerable pride in it and in himself.

The events of Sanderling's professional life are predictable enough: the jealousy and rivalry, the interfactional bickering, the rare students who stood out from the undergraduate mass, the coed crushes, even the farewell luncheon at which he says nothing worth remembering—all these are very like the experiences of other teachers, whatever their level or discipline. Sanderling's personal life is more particular, but not much more; he wrote one successful book and never wrote another, married a "difficult" wife, fathered a daughter, advanced in his profession, suffered quietly, and became in turn a grandfather, an emeritus, and a widower.

Is *The Department,* then, a dull story of a dull man in a dull occupation? It is not. Its distinction is a double clarity, the clarity of Sanderling's perceptions about his peers, their strengths and weakness, and the clarity, even brilliance, of Brace's language in recording those perceptions. The book is well written though not densely plotted, rather leisurely in pace, somewhat old-fashioned as befits its narrator, who feels himself inadequate beside his ambitious younger colleagues and left behind by undergraduates who sneer at most things he has always thought worthwhile. Neither notably comic nor truly tragic, his story nevertheless has moments capable of moving us to tears or laughter.

**Masquerade in Vichy France:** It is unfortunate and a bit sad when a novelist, or a team of them as in this case, make a strong effort to raise a suspense novel above the level of too many of the offerings in this genre and it just doesn't quite come off. In *God Speed the Night* (Scribners, $4.95) Dorothy Salisbury Davis and Jerome Ross attempt to make the time, locale, and characters at least as important as the plot, but in doing so they sacrifice pacing, incident, and, most importantly, suspense.

The plot is incidental, really, to the



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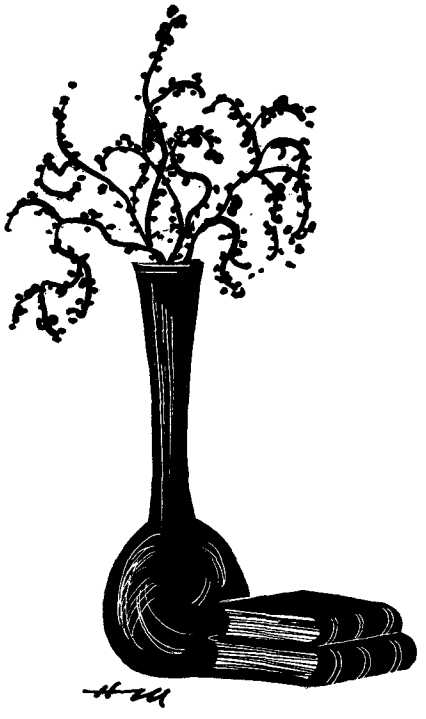
characterizations and to the locale, a small village in Vichy France in 1943. A Graham Greene or a John Le Carré could get away with this but would not try to, because this isn't the way suspense books are written.

The tale concerns a young Jewish couple, Mark Daridan and his bride, Rachel, members of the French Underground, who are fleeing the Gestapo after Mark has blown his cover while trying to infiltrate it. They arrive in St.



Hilaire in southwest France to meet a *maquis* who will provide them with papers and instructions for the final leg of their flight to Spain.

But everything goes wrong. Rachel becomes seriously ill, and a pretty young novice from a nearby nunnery takes her place so that Rachel can assume the nun's identity and enter a hospital for emergency surgery. When Rachel dies Sister Gabrielle must continue the masquerade in order to give Daridan some chance of getting away. The local policeman, Inspector Moissac, a collaborationist, lusts for the nun, who he comes to believe is a Jewish refugee, and stalks the pair through the harvest fields where they are working until escape is possible.

The effects of the young nun's faith and naïveté on Daridan's cynicism, her own awakening to life in an uncloistered world, the uncovering of Moissac's suppressed carnality and his relationship with his elderly, widowed mother, all placed against a well-realized background of French village life, make this a suspense novel of more than usual substance. But, without managing to grip the reader or to provide sufficient surprises, it stumbles over its ambition.

—Joseph Haas.

## European Scene

*Continued from page 25*

worried about this too much and too long. There in the inspirational atmosphere of the South Transept even godless Communists are moved to piety by the memory of the scandalous poet. The delightful travel notes, newly published in Moscow, by Russian novelist Danil Granin tell how as he stood before the "monuments" of Shelley, Byron, and Kipling he felt a reverence for pilgrimages to abbeys. "Nothing remained of my childhood nor of my youth, nor of my all-conquering, light-hearted hopes, nothing but this, my attachment to these great names. But even for this I was grateful to them. . . . Once upon a time pilgrims would make journeys to Holy Places to communicate, to draw on reservoirs of Grace, and that perhaps was not so foolish."

**One afternoon in the London** office of the monolithic talent agency M.C.A. a knowledgeable literary agent (who is also Graham Greene's sister-in-law) deplored the increasing difficulties in getting publishers to accept novels. "Today," she said, "before an editor asks you the name of your author or the subject of his bookscript, he asks first, 'Can it be cut by a third?' " We agreed that Balzac, Thackeray, and Tolstoy were fortunate to have been born when they were. Their first novels would probably never have made it into print today.

I remembered this defeatist conversation on reading a recent item from London. Quantitative considerations still enter into the acceptance of novels there, with the computer making its inevitable appearance. If a manuscript comes in from a published writer, the computer is fed the statistics on past sales of his works. Then the PDP-10 resolutely makes the decisions once timidly arrived at by editors and consultant readers. The computer does not worry about value judgments.

How else could Panther have been persuaded to put out Volume II of the blatant *I, Jan Cremer*, a gaudy effort first peddled in person at a Frankfurt *Buchmesse* which eventually sold 100,000 copies in England alone?

**The genial André Maurois's** successor at the Académie Française turned out to be Marcel Arland, little known to the English-speaking world although he has been writing novels and essays since 1923. (He is now sixty-nine: Popes and Academicians accede late.) Indeed, his life has been an evolution from Dadaism to the more substantial line of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, to which he was attracted by Gide.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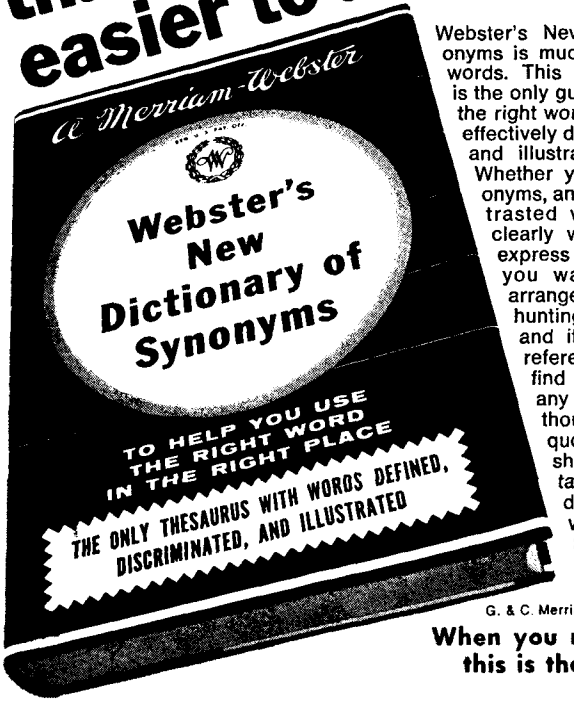
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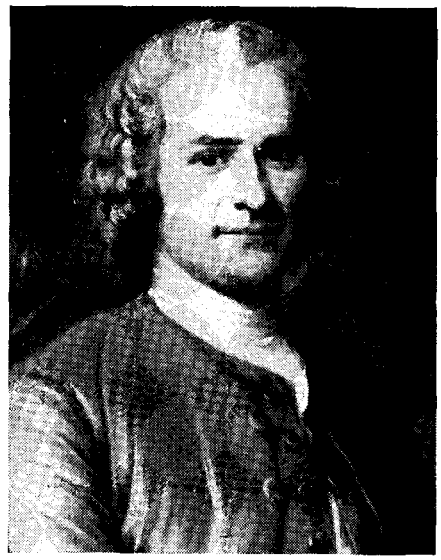
# He Rebelled Against 18th-Century Society

***Jean-Jacques Rousseau: The Quest (1712-1758),*** *by Lester G. Crocker (Macmillan. 361 pp. $9.95), is the first volume in a psychological study of the philosopher whose "Confessions" may have revealed more through what was suppressed than through what was stated. Frank E. Manuel, professor of history at New York University, has written a number of books on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century thought, including "The Eighteenth Century Confronts the Gods" and the forthcoming "Portrait of Isaac Newton."*

By FRANK E. MANUEL



—Portrait by Maurice Quentin de La Tour (Bettmann Archive).

**Jean Jacques Rousseau—"uncovered new dimensions in his introspection."**

BIOGRAPHIES AND PORTRAITS of Rousseau have been accumulating during the twentieth century at the rate of at least three per decade. If a tendency has recently become discernible in these works, it is a movement away from appraisals of Rousseau's influence on political thought and action, literary sensibility, or educational theory and toward a focus on the man himself. Books that take this direction have not, of course, entirely supplanted conceptions of Rousseau as a predecessor of totalitarianism, anarchism, Bolshevism, economic democracy, pragmatism, romanticism, existentialism, or humanitarianism—to select at random some key words from actual titles. But such writings have no lasting appeal and quickly grow stale. Similarly, as the impact of the French Revolution recedes into the background of our historical consciousness, we are less prone to debate the merits of the Restoration ditty "It was all Voltaire's fault! It was all Rousseau's fault!" Examining Rousseau solely in the context of the intellectual origins of the Revolution has become outmoded. It is now the self-revelation in his writings that is the center of the Rousseau problem, an emphasis that has indubitably been strengthened by the general psychological orientation of historical and literary inquiries.

While it is unlikely that a cache of documents of prime importance about Rousseau remains to be discovered, the existing materials are rich and obscure enough to pique a host of biographers into trying to extract his secret. Rousseau tells all, he proclaims in his *Confessions*. We are immediately challenged to ask what he did not tell, what he forgot, consciously suppressed, or distorted. The writing of his biography turns into a tussle between what Rousseau said about himself and what the biographer has learned from other contemporary sources or from a critical scrutiny of Rousseau's testimony. In the contest Rousseau usually wins, for the ambiguities remain. Like a patient who free-associates wildly and endlessly, Rousseau obfuscates as effectively as the obdurately silent.

"As far as happiness and enjoyment were concerned it had to be all or nothing," Rousseau said of himself. Throughout his life he oscillated between moments of supreme bliss and periods of black depression. Most of his acquaintances bear witness to his cyclothymic temperament and his baffling behavior, his Tartuffism, his self-deception, his megalomania. Perhaps the cruelest cut of all came from his one-time friend Diderot: "In truth, this man is a monster." Nineteenth- and early twentieth-century medical commentators diagnosed Rousseau's case in the terms then in fashion: "neurasthenia" and "high degeneracy." When Freud's thought was belatedly admitted to France after World War I a number of analyses appeared invoking his vocabulary and his imagery. The clinical labels masochism, voyeurism, exhibitionism, infantilism, latent homosexuality, and narcissism began to appear with greater frequency in the Rousseau literature. Today Lester G. Crocker and other biographers are significantly updating the older versions.

CROCKER's is the latest in a long line of respect-worthy critical interpretations of Rousseau. It is unlikely, however, to end the search for Rousseau's humanity. Crocker has not only diligently assimilated the psychoanalytic studies of Rousseau appearing since the 1920s; he has added many theories of his own, derived from recent clinical literature but without excessive recourse to technical terminology. He is perhaps less convinced of the existence in Rousseau of an area of autonomous creativity, free from neuroses, than was Ronald Grimsley, author of the last important work in English on Rousseau (1961). Both books have their individual strong points (Grimsley's was a "study in self-awareness" and did not pretend to be a full-scale biography) and they are certainly far more imaginative than the straight biography, recently translated into English, by Jean Guéhenno, who treats psychoanalytic reflections in a gingerly fashion when he notices them at all.

Crocker, who is one of the more prolific American students of eighteenth-century French literature, has a fine command of the texts and of the historical ambiance. This first part of a projected two-volume work covers the period from Rousseau's birth in 1712 through the break with his philosophical companions in 1758. These were the years of Rousseau's frenetic wanderings, and Crocker skillfully sketches in the background scenes and delineates the persons in high and low places with whom Rousseau established relations. His style is straightforward and unadorned, so that occasionally one looks forward to quotations from Rousseau himself to excite and to stimulate. In biographies of lesser writers the author is not under the constant disadvantage of a comparison with his subject. The proximity of Rousseau's intoxicating prose is necessarily disconcerting.

Crocker's analysis of Rousseau's family and of the experiences of his formative years is based on the doctrines of the Freudian tradition broadly interpreted, and is generally successful. The author has also accepted the ideas of the new school of ego psychology, and his use of the identity concept is influenced by Erik Erikson, though he does not follow him through all stages of the life-cycle. The early chapters lay the groundwork for the subsequent descriptions of major neurotic episodes in Rousseau's career. "The Quest" of the book's subtitle is a quest for identity on many levels. Under Crocker's guidance we watch Rousseau run through twelve different occupations: lawyer's clerk, engraver, lackey, seminary student, musician, clerk in a tax registry, farmer, tutor, private secretary to an ambassador, cashier, music copyist, and man of letters. His behavior as lover, friend, father, and seer is even more bewildering. Few men have been more painfully engaged in the discovery of themselves and left a more confusing record. Crocker's version of the "quest" must constantly compete with Rousseau's.

In Crocker's work the psychological explanations of Rousseau's conduct are more subtle and ingenious than the insights into his states of feeling, even though hypotheses are sometimes proffered with a certitude that might dismay



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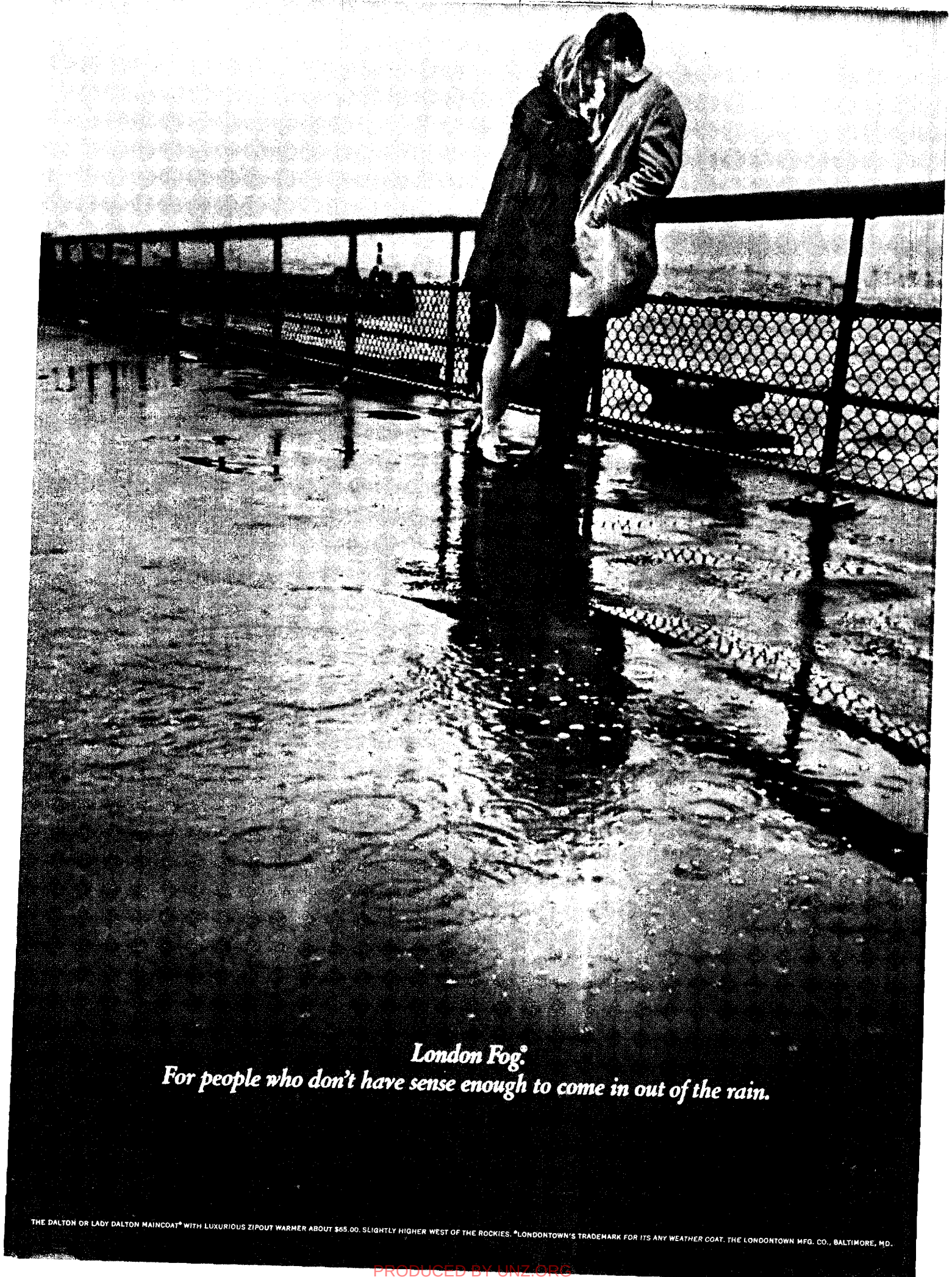
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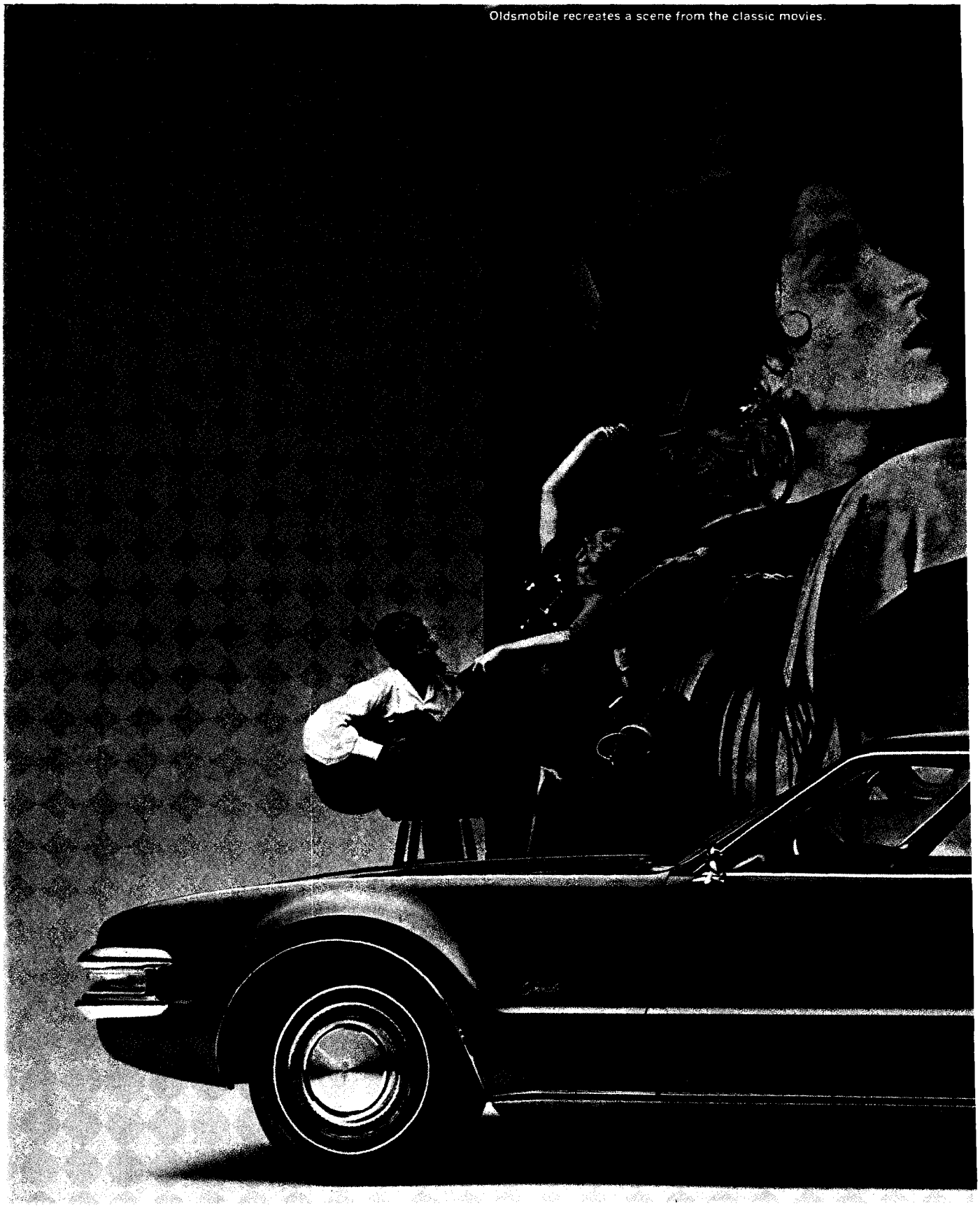


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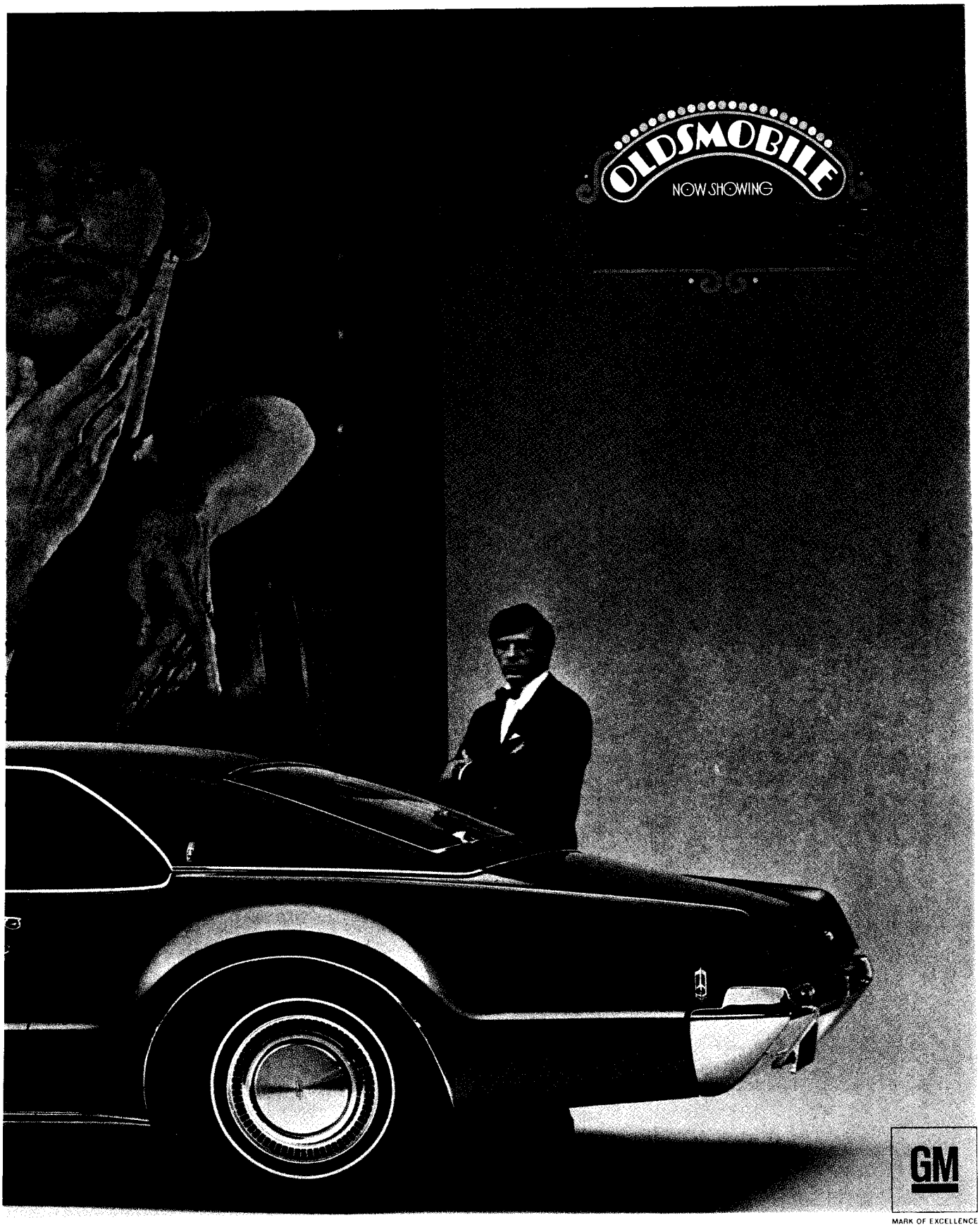


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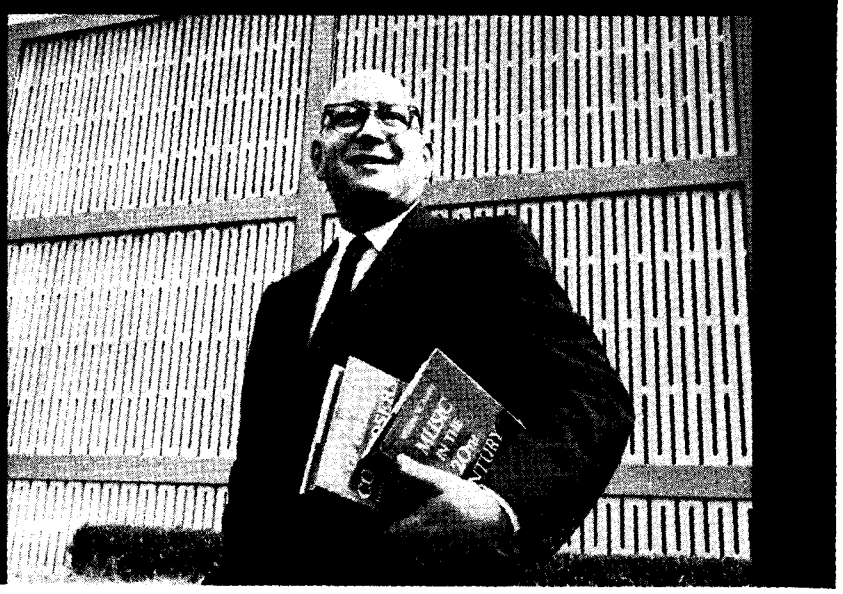
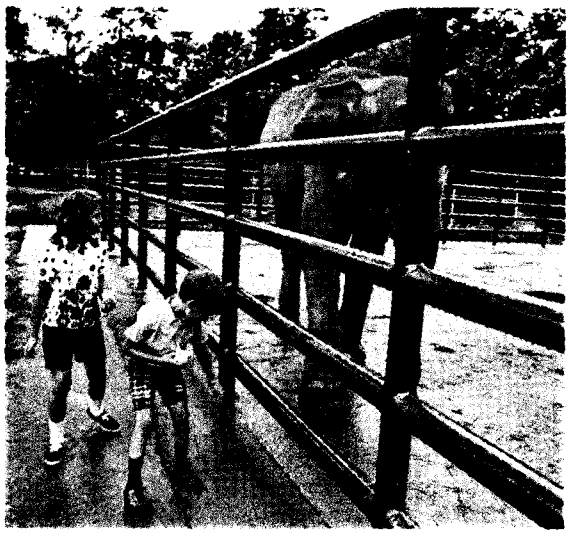
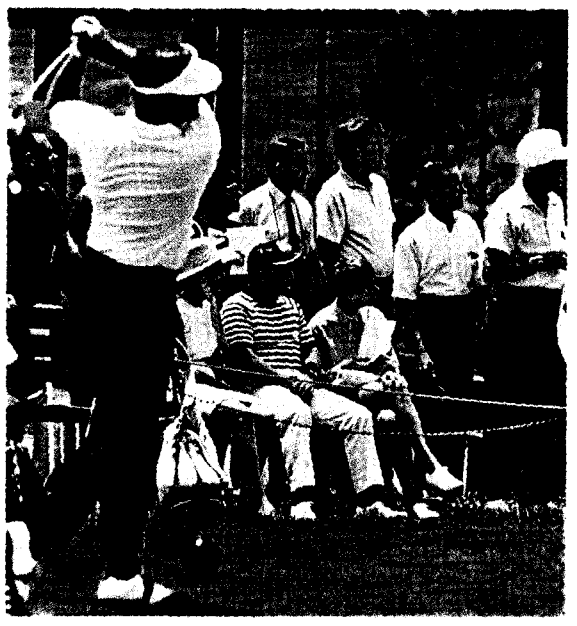
**Dr. Raymond Mannoni came to Mississippi to create a school of fine arts.**



## Look what his family got in the bargain.





Raymond Mannoni, doctor of music education, moved to Hattiesburg and originated the University of Southern Mississippi's School of Fine Arts.

As dean of the school, Dr. Mannoni leads the strong tempo of growth in faculty and curricula—such as the new graduate program in music. Next year the curtain will ring up on a new $1.5 million fine arts center.

"This is a progressive area," says Dr. Mannoni, a native Kansan. "With the world of fine activities here for my family, we never want to leave."

Just a few favorites: Kamper Park and Zoo (above), Hattiesburg's brand new P.G.A. Magnolia State Classic golf tournament (above), the University's own Summer Theatre, and Hattiesburg's art and music associations.

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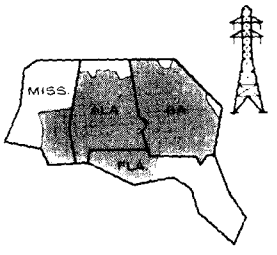


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a professional analyst. Physicians, too, may wonder about the confident assertion that Rousseau suffered from a particular organic malformation—"I am convinced that Rousseau was born a victim of hypospadias, a deformity of the penis in which the urethra opens somewhere on the ventral surface"—when neither the autopsy report nor the references in his correspondence with his friends to his urinary and sexual malaise necessarily warrant so positive a conclusion. Crocker stresses Rousseau's ambivalent relationship with his father as the key to his personality, rather than the more obvious search for the ideal of the mother who died a few days after his birth, leaving him with a heavy burden of guilt. Rousseau wrote: "He [his father] thought he saw her again in me, without being able to forget that I had taken her away from him. He never kissed me without my feeling in his sighs, in his convulsive embraces, that bitter regret was mingled in his caresses; they were all the more tender for it." Passionate scenes with his father in which they wept together over the lost beloved were succeeded by other occasions when severe thrashings were administered for minor misdeeds—chastisements that Rousseau omits from his account.

Rousseau's peregrinations after he fled Geneva, his conversion from Protestantism to Catholicism and back again, his discovery of a haven with his first substitute mother, Madame de Warens, his uneasy penetration of the circle of the *philosophes* and the French aristocracy, his experiences as secretary of the French embassy in Venice, and his final emergence as a leading intellectual figure in the 1750s are narrated with a profusion of detail that leaves the reader few doubts—sometimes all too few—about Rousseau's precise motives and state of mind at any juncture. The climax of this first volume is the clash between Rousseau and his philosophical friends, in which the abstract problems of the Enlightenment became entangled with personal loyalties. The reader is spared no details of the long, tedious wrangle, and Crocker solemnly dispenses praise and blame at the close of each incident. Sometimes one becomes impatient with the moralizing and longs for a respite—a little more compassion for the sick Rousseau, an irreverent chuckle over his crazy antics—but no such breaches of scholarly poise are allowed.

If I have some differences with Crocker, they arise from what I believe to be his attitude to much of eighteenth-century thought. Those who know his *Nature and Culture: Ethical Thought in the French Enlightenment* will recognize the same undertone of censure in the present study. Sometimes the hand is heavy. Poor Rousseau beat himself so mercilessly and so often that it is time we relaxed our moralist stance in dealing with this overpowering genius, who poignantly tells our story as well as his own. The spirit of Crocker's moving dedication, "To all who, like Jean-Jacques, tread the paths of loneliness and anguish," is not always carried over into the book.

In some ways the most important and controversial parts of this volume are those in which a correspondence is established between Rousseau's notion of the ideal state of man and his personal fantasies. The fulfillment in his works of his own crying needs is set forth in a passage that might be considered Crocker's thesis:

> This rebel against the established order and value system had an overpowering superego that plagued him with guilt feelings. One of his deepest needs was precisely for order, and for a rigid value system. . . . An individualist and rebel, he will devise the most authoritarian system of social and political life, involving almost total control of the individual. A defender of nature and critic of culture, he will also be the most extreme defender of culture and repressor of nature. This will be his course, because his need for order and rigid values became expressed in the intellectual fantasy of an abstract, ideal system in which his ideal self, the Jean-Jacques he unconsciously wished to be, could find a home.

One can accept the general trend of this reasoning and yet draw back from some of the specific dicta, which seem gravely anachronistic. In the wake of one school, Crocker describes Rousseau's dream of the end of social contradictions, the identification of the individual will with the general will, as

"incontrovertibly totalitarian." This is a giant retrograde leap. The twentieth-century political systems that deserve the label "totalitarian"—which they coined—exulted in the violence, terror, and maximal brute force that were the instrumentalities of their conquest and continued domination. Rousseau's way is the loving nurture of the citizen through education in a state of social harmony so perfect that individual wills lose their potency as negations and achieve freedom in community. This is not my way, nor the way of many of the *philosophes,* and it may be a utopian fantasy. But it is hardly "totalitarian" in the contemporary sense.

Rousseau aimed at restoring his own unity and the harmony of social institutions in a revolutionary moment. Most men "during the course of their lives are often unlike themselves," he wrote in the *Confessions.* He was acutely aware of the contradictions of his society because he saw them in himself with a remarkable measure of "sincerity" (his word). It was not as complete as he imagined, but he understood himself far more than most men. His readers in turn perceive the same contradictions in themselves and their society as they respond to his grand rhetorical chords.

The psychic history of Rousseau, among all great modern writers, is least separable from his works, for he consciously made himself the major subject of his philosophy. The proper study of Rousseau is Jean-Jacques, and this is the basic presupposition of Crocker's thorough and illuminating book. Even in the brilliant company of the giants of self-analysis – Pascal, Kierkegaard, Freud, and Joyce—Rousseau continues to loom large. He is Saint-Preux and Emile, the savage he saw in the forest, and above all the self-revealer of the *Rêveries,* the *Confessions,* and the enigmatic *Rousseau juge de Jean-Jacques.* He uncovered new dimensions in his introspection, and his range of observation was extended even as he bordered on madness.

What is astonishing in Rousseau, as in many geniuses, is his capacity to compartmentalize and contain his neurotic drives, or to turn them through a mysterious alchemy into a creative understanding of himself and of mankind. This master analyst may have missed what is obvious today in the dynamics of his development, but what he did see he expressed with searing sharpness in phrases to which one returns time and again after the theories of the subtlest critics have been exhausted. The challenge of the opening passages in the *Confessions* still stands: "Let each in his turn uncover his heart at the feet of Thy throne with the same sincerity, and then let a single one of them say, if he dare, *I was better than that man.*"



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# Declining Town

*Continued from page* 19

of Passamaquoddy Bay, but abandoned the operation because the moss was too hard to reach. Other companies have come and gone in the twenty-one years since Mr. Cohen left Bangor to live in Eastport, but he holds out hope. "I have seen it go down gradually," said Cohen, who was tending his clothing store on Water Street, "but I feel it will start up again, that there is a new horizon." He didn't say what he sees on the horizon, other than to dredge up the Quoddy Project. "You know that the late President Kennedy flew over here—he had great interest in public power—and gave a speech. I was fortunate enough to have a few words with him in the reception line. Before he left me, he spoke these striking words: 'Keep plugging.' That's what he said. 'Keep plugging.'"

I found Moholland in front of the police station talking with an off-duty deputy sheriff. The chief ushered me into his office, and as I mentally prepared a confession followed by a plea to behave myself at the wheel, it dawned on me that he was writing out a ticket for driving with an invalid license. He had the grave approval of the deputy and of a highway official he called on the phone while I sat there burning. Moholland was telling me something about "having no choice under the circumstances but to summon you into court Monday morning in Calais," when I lost my cool. "It's too bad," I muttered, "that you don't have better things to do with your time." As I braced for the reply, I heard him say, "Yes, it is . . ."

Saturday afternoon. It is not surprising to find part of "Sodom" across the tracks. Catty-corner from a boarded-up barber shop languishing in towering weeds, I walked into a cluttered woodcarving shop owned by Sheldon Trott. Mr. Trott was cleaning up the mess left by a mysterious explosion and fire on the second floor where he lives. An old man with a red nose was sitting by. Trott said he didn't know how the fire started, but added: "It's not hard to pick up enemies around here." When I mentioned my plight, he said: "Oh, then you was the one in the little red car last night. I seen the cop stop you. Max Prime." Trott and his visitor told me to see a young lawyer—one of two in Eastport—who lived up the street. "Dawn's a good man," Trott said. "He has a house full of hippies, but he's okay." Hippies? I thought wildly. In Eastport?

**St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Eastport—" 'All we need is an impetus to our economy. . . . we have lots of assets.' "**

Don Cotesworth Gellers (as his shingle reads) lives and practices law in a thinly furnished thirty-two-room house for which he is paying $6,500. He doesn't consider it a harbor for hippies but a place his friends are welcome to use as they wish, day or night. Gellers is only thirty-two, but talks and walks with the slow, measured style of a far older man, behavior that bodes well with his Eastport elders. He thinks young, however, and to sympathetic ears he talks young. "The first time I drove into Eastport I really grooved it," he said. "That was August 6, 1963. It was about 6:30 and there was a fog coming in. It looked like no other place I'd ever seen except maybe Jerome, a ghost town in Arizona where people actually live. Eastport in those days was much groovier. Nobody seems to get together on anything anymore." Gellers gladly took my case, although he was caught up in: 1) fighting a marijuana-possession charge against himself; 2) trying to win a land case in behalf of the Passamaquoddy Indians, who he says have been bilked of $150 million worth of property by Maine and Massachusetts (he claims he was framed in the first case to keep him from pursuing the second); and 3) defending various clients, many of them Indians, almost daily in Washington County District Court. He even phoned Moholland that afternoon to suggest, ever so gently, that perhaps my charge was a little out of line.

SATURDAY night. Eastport teenagers joke about the weekly record-hops ("No dance tonight. Why not? The record broke."), but the Knights of Pythias hall above the J. J. Newberry five-and-ten fills up every Saturday night from 8 to 10:30. Most of the boys sit on the side and watch the girls dance the fast numbers, but the slow songs usually bring the boys to their feet. There was another kind of segregation. I noticed a small group of Passamaquoddy Indian boys, from the nearby Pleasant Point reservation, sitting in the far corner, while across the hall near the door was a knot of Eastport boys. "Only good Indian's a dead Indian," said an Eastport boy, sounding empty and hollow, like an echo of an older person (his father?). It was an echo I heard two or three times that weekend.

At 10:30 they played the last record, a slow one so the boys would dance, and

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There are Apaches on the reservation in Clear Fork, Arizona, who can remember the last, hopeless Apache uprising in 1900. But for Della Alakay, a seven-year-old Apache, the enemy is not the U.S. Cavalry.

She and her people are fighting another kind of war. This time the enemies are poverty, disease and despair. And for the first time in generations, there's a chance that the Apaches might win: thanks to the courageous efforts of her own people and other Americans like the Winstons.

Anne and Stan Winston and their two daughters live in a New York suburb 2,000 miles from the reservation. But it's another world. The Winstons live in a big, old house and complain about a big, new mortgage. Their girls have a closetful of clothes and "nothing to wear." They have bikes, skates, games, books, records and "nothing to do."

Della and her seven brothers and sisters have none of these problems. Her father spends as much time looking for work as he does working. Sanitary facilities are almost non-existent. Electricity has yet to reach them. Water is hauled by hand. Even the barest necessities are hard to come by.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Winstons are helping Della. The cost is $15.00 a month. It's not a lot of money, but certainly the Winstons could have thought of a lot of other things to do with it. Fortunately they thought of Della first.

To her, these funds make a remarkable difference. She no longer need feel embarrassed about not having shoes, a decent school dress, school supplies, or pocket money.

Some of the pressure, too, is off her parents, who can now begin thinking about making their home a little more livable. Also, and perhaps most important, part of the money is put into a fund from which the village can borrow to start self-help and a water system.

Already there is a new feeling of hope among the villagers and confidence in their ability to help themselves. Even little Della has volunteered to give some time each week to keep her school playground clean.

That really is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals or a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children as well as children in Appaláchia, Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo and history of the child, progress reports and a chance to correspond.

The Winstons know they can't save the world for $15.00 a month. Only a small corner to save the world. If there are enough people who care. How about you?

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then everyone filed quietly out of the hall, the groups of Indians, Eastport boys, and Eastport girls, each going their own way. Water Street was still. Larry Dudley, Danny Sullivan, Ralph and Bryan Trott, David Ray, Glenn Watson, and David Spear stood for a while on the corner trading quips about life in Eastport. They don't mind the leisure that Eastport imposes on them now, the daylong sessions at Ken's Pool Room, the hot-dog breaks at Whelpley's Lunch Cart, but in two years when they are out of Shead Memorial High School, few of them will remain in Eastport. It is the exodus of the young that has cut the town's population so severely. They join the service or get jobs in Portland or Boston—anything to get away.

After a time the boys walked down Water Street to the Waco, where a few townsfolk were drinking beer, and ordered hamburgers and chocolate- or strawberry-flavored milk. They teased Frances, the waitress, about her dyed hair, balked good-naturedly about paying up, and left. "Time for the late show on TV," one of them said.

SUNDAY. There isn't a door open in Eastport's business district all day. Even the Quoddy Inn is closed. I drove the 40 miles to Lubec, crossed the FDR Memorial bridge, and visited the Roosevelt "cottage," a restored thirty-four-room Dutch-Colonial summer home. From the broad front lawn sweeping down to the bay I could make out a yellow wall of the Hotel East and the top of Shead Memorial High School. When he came down with polio in 1921, Mr. Roosevelt was taken across by boat to Eastport and placed in a special rail coach for the trip to New York. Older townsfolk remember the Roosevelts shopping at the Eastport A & P. In the 1936 election, Maine went for Alf Landon 168,823 to 126,333, but Eastport—grateful to FDR for launching the Quoddy Project—backed him 1,459 to 319.

Sunday evening. Eastport is known for its sunrises, but one who prefers sunsets can walk north on Water Street to the edge of town and see the sun dropping behind distant pines. Out there you breathe the cool air and watch the water get dark and you wonder how anyone can leave it all for the big cities. I was walking back in the dusk, shivering comfortably, when I realized a car had stopped beside me. It took a long moment to recognize the face under the blue baseball cap. Reid Moholland, out for a Sunday drive with his two children, asked if I wanted a ride back to Pearl's. When he let me off, he said he was sorry about the traffic charge but that he had to enforce the law, and since he'd rather I didn't drive the Volkswagen, would I like a ride to court the next day—and, by the way, how did I run into Gellers? "I heard he charged less than the other lawyer," I said. (Cohen had asked me the same question. Later, a Washington County official told me, "They'd feel a lot more comfortable with Gellers out. He's smarter than they are.")

Monday morning. Before hearing my case, Judge John Dudley convicted a man of throwing garbage in a stream, another for lighting an illegal campfire, and found a New York man not guilty of equipping a boat with improper life-saving gear—one of three cushions was defective—because, the blushing game warden admitted, the man hadn't been in the boat. When my turn came, I stood a nose length from the bench, wedged between county attorney Alan Graves and Gellers, who wore a dark suit, socks and sandals, and an untied bow tie. It was then I learned that Moholland, who was seated behind me, had added a second charge—failure to show proper registration, or such words. Mr. Graves asked for a week's continuance to study the case. While the judge scrutinized my Hawaii driver's license (he said it looked perfectly valid) and leafed through an AAA manual, Gellers spoke calmly to the county attorney, sounding like a wise old law professor lecturing a first-year student. What he told him, essentially, was that Maine had no right to try non-Maine drivers under another state's laws. The only time Gellers raised his voice was to say, "Since when does Minnesota rule the land?" (It may, I thought, if Humphrey wins.) Once Moholland approached Graves and tugged at his sleeve, but the county attorney didn't turn around. After the judge had closed the AAA manual and handed me back my license, he dismissed both charges.

When I drove out of Eastport that afternoon, the herring gulls were making their usual commotion above the wharves. The wind was down, and the air smelled fresh again, and I hoped the city of Eastport would still be there when I returned.


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GOOD NEWS FOR GOURMETS


# Stretching

**By David Wagoner**

LEAVING the road and crossing the hard shoulder
And walking on washed-out clay, having to zigzag
From sage to bunch grass to prickly pear to bones
A half-mile over the prairie to a butte
The size of a ruin (the sun is crackling sideways
As straight, as dry, as thick as the wind
That's fallen flat on the ground this evening)

In the wrong clothes, at the wrong time of day,
I come to the crumbling limestone foot:
There's no way up but up the pitching chimneys
Thirty rough feet to the crest. I climb them, passing
A disembodied rattle between rocks
Which means keep going or don't keep going,

And then I'm standing somewhere in Montana
South of Lame Deer, raw kneed, raw handed,
In a place I couldn't invent, in an old place,
On the sparse grass untouched by buffalo,
On table-rock half eaten by weather, the black-
And-white lark buntings skimming past stones
Heaped in a head-high cairn in the middle of nowhere,
Where someone came and waited once, then changed
Into wind and rain, into grass, sunlight, and dirt,

Which come and go, crossing each other out
In a heap as permanent as a landscape,
A place to be promised something as bleak as years,

Where my hands and knees feel ready for a change,
Where giving up is perfectly natural,

Where giving back goes far as the eye can stretch.



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# The Theater

*Henry Hewes*

## Orphans Dissenting

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FIVE YEARS AGO, The Living Theatre shook the United States Treasury by its failure to pay owed withholding taxes and social security amounting to some $30,000. The resultant prosecution of the company's two heads, Julian Beck and Judith Malina, led it into exile.

Now The Living Theatre is visiting the United States for the first time since its banishment. It has opened its tour at the Yale School of Drama prior to a New York engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (October 2-21), where it will offer four New York premieres (*Frankenstein, Paradise Now, Mysteries and Smaller Pieces,* and *Antigone*). On the basis of exposure to *Antigone* at Yale, it can be said that The Living Theatre has grown sturdier abroad. The actors now all seem to know who they are—a band of orphans who nightly give every last measure of their energy and their selves to express their feelings about a world that outrages their humanity.

What they have done with Brecht's 1947 version of Sophocles's *Antigone* is incredible and enormous. On a bare stage, a chorus dressed like impoverished Yippies suddenly breaks into a wail that resembles the sound of an air-raid alert. This is prolonged much, much longer than necessary to make its dramatic point. But if this attenuation bores and exasperates the audience, it totally occupies the concentration of the cast. Then Julian Beck, who plays the ruler, Kreon, incites various chorus members to violence by gesturing fiercely behind them until they are activated to run out into the audience and hack, kick, and spit at theatergoers.

Judith Malina, a pale, grimy, and diminutive Antigone, explores her relationship with her dead brother's corpse, and her decision to bury it against Kreon's orders is deliberately unheroic as she shrugs her shoulders and says, "And if I die for it, so what?" Meanwhile, Kreon, signaling from the center aisle like some political boss at a convention, sets mass violence in motion with an invasion of Argos. In a vaguely Texan accent, he tells his hand-licking sycophants that he has no respect for men who value human lives more than their country. But when he hears what Antigone has done, he and his followers shake in fear.

The emphasis in this production is not on the battle of wills between Kreon and Antigone, but on Brecht's stated charge that "man who has no enemy becomes his own enemy." While Brecht obviously had Nazi Germany in mind, it is The Living Theatre's achievement that so much of what happens seems to bear on the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. For instance, Brecht's warning that anyone who uses violence against an enemy will turn and use violence against his own people drew loud applause from the Yale audience. An even more significant contention is that when people fail to express their dissent from their leaders, they do not strengthen their country. They leave it weakened and more easily devoured by the enemy.

The Living Theatre demonstrates this with a sustained intensity that surpasses the *Marat/Sade.* Indeed, one wonders if it does not lead the company from dramatic art into an inspired unleashing of mass hysteria. And at the end of the evening when the entire cast retreats slowly in horror from a sudden awareness of how monstrously men can and do behave, we find this impressive image almost overpowered by our amazement that these human beings on stage have expressed so unsparingly what we, perhaps, should have dealt with in ourselves. As Kreon says to the chorus, "You eat the meat, but you don't want to see the blood on the cook's apron."

This extraordinary production is not without flaws. Mr. Beck, who is visually so marvelous in the imaginative grotesquerie he brings to Kreon, occasionally slips into vocal petulance. More serious is the drowning of scenes and lines in surrounding activity. For instance, we admire the actors for their vigorous mass dance of obscene victory celebration, but it continues for half an hour in conflict with scenes meant to advance the plot. Mightn't a greater audience involvement be achieved with a more economical and shrewder use of the same artistic creativity and energy?

Whatever the answer, there can be no denying that this *Antigone* makes theatrical history with its fierce totality of commitment. It is beyond theater.


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# World of Dance

*Walter Terry*

—*Photos: Martha Swope.*

***Moves*, a dance choreographed by Jerome Robbins—"a masterwork . . . performed in silence."**

## A New Ballet Year Begins

S. Hurok, thirty-five years ago, brought the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo to Broadway for an engagement at the St. James Theater. Financially, this bid to interest Americans in ballet, following a quiescent period which spanned decades, was a failure. Mr. Hurok does not like to lose money. He did lose it. But in this case he didn't mind. He had faith in the future of ballet for America, imported and native. Pavlova, Genée, Nijinsky, Mordkin could capture the public's fancy, but what Hurok envisioned was the day when ballet itself would attract that public. The first visit of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, combined with the initial ballet efforts in America by Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine, with ballet stirrings in San Francisco, Philadelphia (America's first ballet capital of note), Atlanta, and Chicago, set the American public on a ballet course.

In 1968, as distinct from 1933, where are we balletically in New York City alone? (What's happening across the country, balletwise, is an epic of the grandeur of *Beowulf*.) Well, we shall have more than twenty weeks in the 1968-69 season by the New York City Ballet at the New York State Theater (the Lincoln Center building designed primarily for ballet); engagements by the American Ballet Theatre, Britain's Royal Ballet (for its longest New York engagement), the Stuttgart Ballet, and other ballet companies, domestic and foreign; plus a fantastic season of American modern dance, sprinkled with ballet, providing more than 100 presentations at the Brooklyn Academy of Music and the Billy Rose Theater in New York.

Launching this banner ballet year is the City Center Joffrey Ballet, currently in residence at the New York City Center for a five-week season (and with another five-week stand slated for the spring). The Joffrey troupe is one of our youngest, and one of our best, major ballet companies, and its founder-director, Robert Joffrey, born in America of an Afghan-nobleman father and an Italian mother, was still in rompers when the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo made its Broadway bow. But in Joffrey's audience at this fall's opening, a beaming, approving Hurok was present. Seeing him in the lobby brought to mind not only the differences in popular ballet taste between the Thirties and the Sixties, but also that when he began his promotion of dance, there was a violent divisiveness existing between ballet and modern dance. Yet Hurok admired, and booked, both Pavlova and Duncan. He was ahead of his time. He loved dance.

The two opening performances by the Joffrey company provided fascinating combinations of the new and the old, the traditional and the modern, the sweetly romantic and the wild way-out. The first program opened with the company's good-luck piece, Gerald Arpino's lovely and exciting *Viva Vivaldi!*, a contemporary ballet firmly rooted in the *danse d'école*, but with virtuosic embellishments which include everything from back-of-the-head kicking *jetés*, through acrobatic splits and gestures familiar to the bullring. Arpino's *Sea Shadow*, which followed, is a *pas de deux*, and it, too, is based on classical steps; but here the lazy acrobatics of a youth stretching on the seashore and the flow of the sea with the lilt of waves are present in this love duet between a dreamer and a sea-sprite, as evanescent as the echo from a seashell. And, lastly, was the first really great ballet to combine ballet and modern dance, *The Green Table*, the still monumental, still pertinent, anti-war work which Kurt Jooss created even before the Ballet Russe came to America.

On the second night, the program celebrated another remarkable dance span, for it consisted of Jerome Robbins's *Moves*, a great work performed in silence; Joffrey's *Pas de Déesses*, a sweet evocation of the Romantic Age of Ballet of more than a century ago when all, balletically, was elegant, refined, and ever so correct in deportment; and Arpino's *The Clowns*—noisy, psychedelic, filled with terror, disaster, hopelessness, and desperate hilarity.

The music is also revealing, for the Joffrey piece has a score made up of airs composed by John Field, who, I believe, wrote the very first nocturne, and it caresses the ear. Hershy Kay's striking score for *The Clowns* attacks the ear

**Robert Joffrey's *Pas de Déesses*, with Paul Sutherland, Susan Magno, Charthel Arthur, Barbara Remington—"a sweet evocation of the Romantic Age of Ballet."**



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# SR Goes to the Movies

*Arthur Knight*

### The Times They Are A-Changing

BACK IN 1947, when *Finian's Rainbow* was the hottest ticket on Broadway, one of the charms of the show—quite apart from its lilting score and adroit lyrics—was the novelty of seeing a musical that seemed to be attacking racism head on. Its producers could also boast, quite properly, that theirs was the first Broadway production to employ a fully integrated chorus of singers and dancers. My, how progressive it all seemed some twenty years ago! My, how quaint it all appears today! How well-meaning! How simpleminded!

For the sad fact is that too much has happened in the intervening time; the ugly face of racism has come too close for anyone today to regard *Finian's* goodhearted, lighthearted magic as even a palliative to the problem. Wisely, the people at Warners have made no attempt to make us believe that it is. They have not updated it with references to Black Panthers or white supremacy, they have not sharpened the conflict or pointed the dialogue. They have left it just the lovely show it was—tuneful, well-intended, occasionally funny, always appealing.

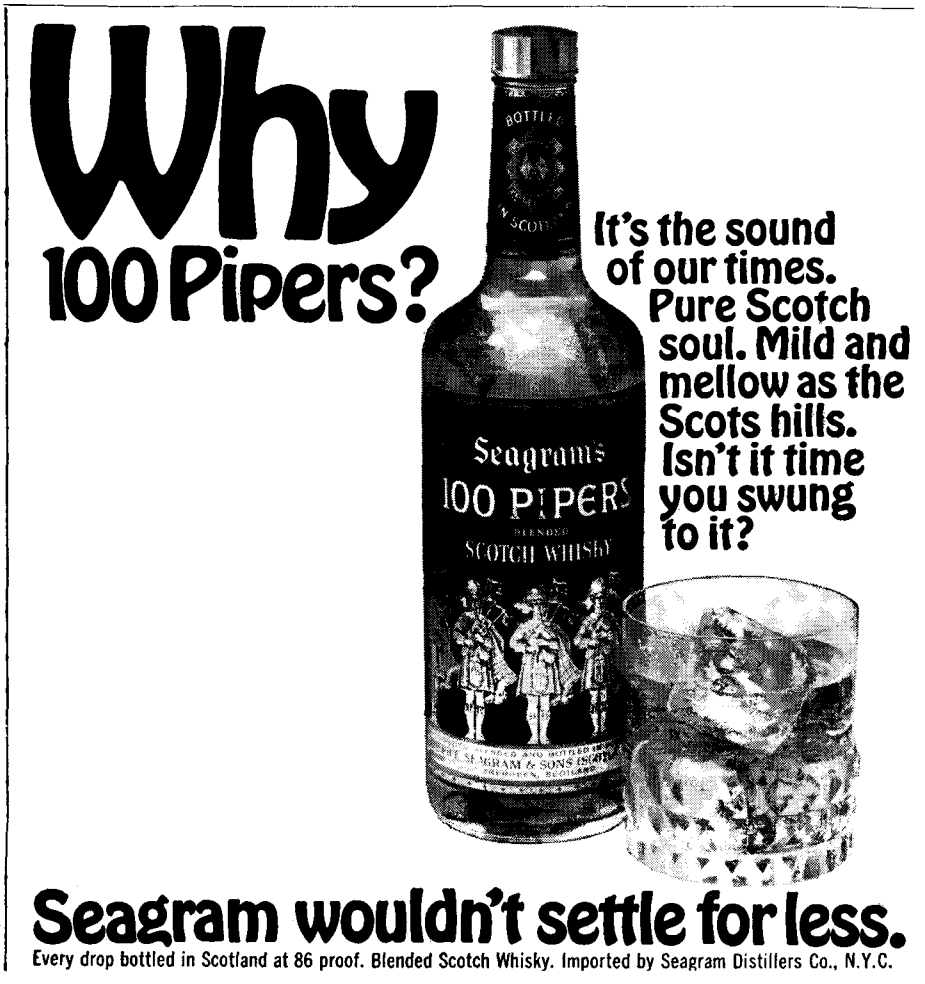
The only changes they have made, so far as I can recall, are all for the better. The basic structure remains pretty much the same; after all, the screenplay is credited to E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy, who also wrote the show. Woody (Don Francks), the hero, has been made less wooden, less the stock labor organizer of the Thirties; and Henry (Al Freeman, Jr.) is now a research scientist temporarily forced into servitude to a reactionary Southern Senator. His slow-motion portage, *à la* Stepin Fetchit, of a glass of Bromo-Seltzer *must* be the comedic highlight of the entire film.

But best of all—the thing that makes *Finian's Rainbow* unique among contemporary musicals—is the canny utilization of its stellar cast. No one comes on like a star; each has been fitted neatly and completely into his own particular niche, and each serves himself best by serving the overall pattern. Petula Clark, England's favorite "pops" singer, invests Ella Logan's old role with a beat and accent that neither cancels out its creator nor sounds like a hand-me-down imitation; Miss Clark is an authentic original in her own right. Tommy Steele, as is his wont, tends to oversell what David Wayne so gracefully shrugged away. But Fred Astaire, as Finian (a non-singing role in the original), remains forever graceful and relaxed, never pushing for more than is required, never giving less than is due. His final shot, skipping jauntily off toward the horizon, has all the poignance of a Chaplin fade-out—plus the heartening assurance that it ain't necessarily so. By staying completely in its period, and doing everything supremely well, this *Finian's Rainbow* transcends time. Like Astaire himself, it seems ageless.

**Ageless, too,** is Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, and by playing his new production against settings in Tuscany and Umbria that have changed but little in the past 500 years, but peopling them with teen-agers of today, director Franco Zeffirelli has succeeded in making this venerable work immediate, without recourse to *West Side Story* extremes.

To a generation brought up on Katharine Cornell Juliets and Leslie Howard Romeos, this version may seem wanting the soaring poetry and aural splendors to which we have become accustomed; indeed, John McEnery's rendition of the "Queen Mab" speech is literally grating to the ear, while neither Leonard Whiting, as Romeo, nor Olivia Hussey, as Juliet, ever manage to do more than merely deliver their lines, never to plumb them. And yet, such is the difference between stage and screen that, except for the purest purist, this matters precious little. Because these kids are authentic teen-agers, just as Shakespeare had envisaged them, they take on a vitality and poignance that no middle-aged actor could project. This *Romeo and Juliet*, sumptuously mounted, excitingly imagined, lives on the truth of its characters rather than on simply the splendor of its lines. Somehow, I think Shakespeare would have preferred it that way.

About four years ago, I read a first novel, *She Let Him Continue*, by Stephen Geller, and said to myself, "Boy, this would make a great movie—but nobody would dare do it." Four years ago, I was absolutely right, but not today. Lawrence Turman, a young producer, acquired the property and turned it over to two even younger men, Marshal Backlar and Noel Black, to co-produce and direct. They have done a bang-up job of translating a Hitchcockian *folie à deux* into a frighteningly normal and picturesque New England setting, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld as the two frighteningly normal and appealing principals. See it, despite its normally frightening title, *Pretty Poison*.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# TV-Radio

*Robert Lewis Shayon*

## Commercials in Black and White

PERHAPS THE MOST socially useful response that viewers can make to the new 1968-69 TV season is to pay serious attention to the increasing number of nonwhite (mostly black) performers who appear in the commercials. Viewers can even make the activity more palatable by giving it a light tone—they can call it the Game of Rating The Happy New American Consumer Who Is Occasionally Not Only Negro but Puerto Rican, Mexican-American, even Oriental. The fun will not detract from the substantial help that this adventure in audience participation can give to Negroes and other minority groups as they pursue their goals in American society.

The following questions are only a few of the possible queries that a viewer may raise whenever he spots a black face in the roughly 150,000 national and local commercials that TV displays every year to 100 million people every day. Is the sponsor practicing tokenism or is he making a genuine effort to give employment to Negro performers, to represent more fairly the total consumer society, and to raise the self-respect of the black child by giving him a better image of his race? Are the Negro performers being used naturally and realistically or are they just being jammed in awkwardly to meet quotas? Should black Americans in commercials be shown only as teachers, lawyers, librarians, and social workers, or should they also be shown as truck drivers, construction workers, and gas station attendants?

Should Negroes be pictured as inhabiting only affluent, middle-class homes, or should they be represented as using a sponsor's product in a slum setting? A real tough question to chew on is this: Granted that black faces in commercials help Negro actors, granted that the practice contributes to a better image of the blacks in our culture, what is the price that we all pay for having the Negro join the white man in the fantasy world of dubious values perpetuated by the institution of advertising? If you begin to play the game with family or friend, don't be surprised to find that there are strong differences of opinion. Sponsors and the staffs of their advertising agencies are split on answers, and so are black creative people who work in the agencies, as well as Negro performers and their agents who are the prime beneficiaries of the sudden religious conversion that Madison Avenue has experienced in the integration of TV commercials.

A few years ago, integrated commercials were conspicuously missing on TV. A few casting directors inside New York advertising agencies worked patiently at persuading executives to remember the Harlem that they passed in their daily doubles on commuter trains from and to suburbias—but with no results. Sponsors paid lip service to the desirability of integrated commercials, but there was no steel in their directives to brand managers, who are on the firing line of consumer sales reports.

**Top-echelon clients,** when faced by a brand manager who cautioned against integrated commercials lest white customers "lose identification with products," would shrug and mutter, "Try to work it out." The brand manager didn't try too hard when he guided a new pool of commercials down to the casting line. "Let's not try it in the first one," he would say to a casting director who suggested a Negro in the background, "Maybe in the second." But the second brought another excuse. Fear of customer rejection was one way of putting it; the fact that the Negro was the invisible man in the white advertiser's world was another.

Negro militancy, of course, was the decisive factor in the recent conversion, including the threats of consumer boycotts, the assassinations, the riots in the cities, and the Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. In March 1968, The New York City Commission on Human Rights called representatives of forty of the top advertising agencies to a hearing on "employment practices and image projection of minority group members in the advertising and broadcasting industries." The commission asked for statistics, and there was talk of sanctions. A Joint Equality Committee of the four TV talent unions studied a three-week period (November 20-December 10, 1967) and came up with dismaying figures. Out of 8,279 commercials, only 199 had one or more minority performers, or 2.4 per cent of the total (the nation's Negro population totals about 11 per cent). Only *sixteen* performers had lead or spokesmen roles; forty-three had secondary roles; and 104 had roles as "extras."

As the agencies took steps to make amends, they found difficulties. Previously, there had been a plethora of buck-passing: clients claimed that it was up to the writers to start something; writers blamed producers, etc. Everybody realized they didn't know many Negro performers. Casting directors began setting up regular auditions, and talent was found. Though Negroes had given up knocking on agency doors, they had been busy growing a new generation of performers in off-Broadway and local theater workshops. Negro actors' agents now report a sharp improvement in business. Casting directors at agencies no longer have to suggest putting a black or a yellow face into a commercial: the demand originates often with the sponsor, and the "story-boards" (commercial shooting-scripts) indicate minority-group casting from the inception.

The biggest news of the drive has been the lack of punitive action by customers. Sales have not suffered: Procter & Gamble and Pepsi-Cola are two sponsors who acknowledge this. CBS admits receiving a small number of "hate" letters from the South; but now creative people in agencies are assuring one another that putting a Negro in a commercial renders it more arresting and interesting. The competitive instinct also recommends going after a share of that great Negro national expenditure on goods and services of $30 billion (1967), "a market no profit-conscious advertiser can ignore," commented Gordon Webber, head of commercial production for Benton & Bowles. Mr. Webber, whose agency is a leader in the drive for integrating commercials, estimates that the number of commercials using minority performers has about doubled (between 4 and 5 per cent). He notes that some sponsors (e.g., General Foods) have set definite quotas for proportionate integration, and that the figures may continue to climb to the optimum goal of around 11 per cent.

**Everyone admits** that time and unforeseen events may bring a period of slack, even a tendency to cut back. Vigilance must be maintained, the leaders assert, and the pressure of Negro consumers kept up. Taking a longer view, some agencies have joined in granting scholarships to talented young Negroes for future work behind the scenes in advertising agencies, as writers, art directors, music directors, producers, etc. Employment is a consequence of personal associations in all business, especially advertising and TV. The aim is to build networks of black and white relationships along Madison Avenue and elsewhere that will encourage and maintain integration behind and before the cameras. If the viewers lend a hand and keep a critical, discerning eye on the screen, they can play their part. Perhaps someday their reward will be a black knight in the kitchen, a tan Mr. Clean, and, who knows, even a Jolly Black Giant.



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**Robert Blankshine heads the cast in Gerald Arpino's *The Clowns* — "hopelessness and desperate hilarity."**

with bombings, explosions, whistles, and sounds quite in keeping with the strident age in which we live. But what of the Robbins ballet? It does not spring from romantic music nor is its choreographic purpose supported by the terrifying decibels of our era. Its only sounds are those made by dancing bodies, and its wholeness—its integrity—is rhythmic, ordered, purposeful movement. It is generally agreed that some of the greatest motion pictures of all time are silent movies. In ballet, *Moves* is a masterwork which accepts neither aural enhancements nor encumbrances in its silent but kinetically rhapsodic tribute to a visual performing art.

And so it was that a new dance season got under way with a young and vital company which is equally at home in the aristocratic dance etiquette of an earlier age, in jazz, in acrobatics, in tender romance, in bitter and violent protests against the choreographed destructions wrought by politicians around their green tables, and in the lostness of a generation for which clowns are not escapists but victims. The City Center Joffrey Ballet, then, is a superb company. In its brilliant dancing and in its repertory, which takes seriously the spectrum of today's world of dance, it serves our dance culture with both zest and zealousness. No wonder S. Hurok, for more than half a century an *impresario extraordinaire* in the world-wide service of the art of dancing, smiled an opening night benediction on these representatives of a new dance day.

# Booked for Travel

*Edited by Horace Sutton*

### With the Romans in Africa

PITY THE POOR colonial servant! Finding himself thousands of miles from his homeland and in an often alien environment—physically, psychologically, spiritually, gastronomically—he sought what easement he could in a re-creation of that which was near and dear to him. This included his sidewalk cafés if he was French, his club if he was English, his siesta if he was Spanish. As a result, there is a hint of Paris in Abidjan, a touch of London in Nairobi, even though both cities are now capitals of independent nations.

We are presently witnessing the twilight of colonialism, and it may not be unreasonable to expect that, to coming generations, the term colonial servant will have no meaning whatsoever. To these generations, the presence of sidewalk cafés in Abidjan will surely seem even more incongruous than it does to the traveler of today; the monument will remain long after its raison d'être has been forgotten.

The same sense of incongruity struck me when I first saw the Roman amphitheater at El Djem, in southern Tunisia. Towering above a small town composed mainly of modest clay-brick homes, it seemed an alien presence; and so it remained until I considered it from the standpoint of the Roman colonial servant and in the light of any colonial servant's attempt to render his immediate environment a little less alien, a little more like "home." Tunisia was no exception. As part of the Roman Empire, it was settled by Roman colonial servants who soon set about erecting miniature Romes in some of the most out-of-the-way places, and in the face of extreme difficulties. Undaunted by flooding rivers and *wadis*, the sometimes mountainous terrain, or the hot, sand-laden wind out of the Sahara Desert, they quickly transformed whatever was transformable.

Few Americans have heard of Thugga, Althiburos, Mactaris, or Thysdrus, but these small Roman-Tunisian towns, blessed as they are by virtual anonymity, are likewise blessed by virtual freedom from tourists, guides, and souvenir ped-


# The Barbados Hilton. It isn't for everybody.

The Barbados Hilton was designed for the few who are at home with the finest. Manager Louis Finamore's distinctive hotel is set on a secluded 14-acre peninsula with its own lighthouse and historic fort. From its only 158 rooms you may choose a garden cottage, a balconied room, or a duplex suite. All are air-conditioned and delightful after snorkeling, deep-sea fishing, a set of tennis, or a leisurely tour of the hotel's duty-free shops. The chef has prepared a tempting variety of island specialties for you and the dance band in the Flambeau Bar awaits your request. Maybe the Barbados Hilton isn't for everybody. We think you'll like it that way.

For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

**BARBADOS HILTON**

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dlers. One may stroll at liberty down streets that, to be sure, never felt the chariot wheels of a Roman emperor (although they may well have felt the feet of Saint Augustine, himself a "North African" Roman), but whose peace and quiet may better reflect the slower pace of life for much of the Empire—and for the colonial servant.

It was slower—and probably duller. This was brought home to me forcibly one spring afternoon as I sat with a friend on the crumbling steps of the chief temple of Althiburos. Althiburos is mentioned in none of the Roman histories, chronicles, or diaries, and once the Romans left it, it disappeared from the ranks of "active" cities, never to rejoin them. It now stands, as the *Guide Bleu* puts it, *"loin de toutes routes, dans un site verdoyant."* The first part of the description evokes images of some remote Roman Shangri-la. Reality proved to be something else: two hours on paved roads to cover the 100 miles from Tunis to the nearest active settlement, two hours over a succession of ruts and chuckholes to cover the last five miles. As for the *"site verdoyant,"* the justice of the claim would very much depend on one's own frame of reference. Suffice it to say that the verdure was limited to a few clumps of eucalyptus trees and a young crop of wheat.

What caught our attention, however, was not the vegetation so lavishly promised by the guidebook, but a large and, to our untrained eyes, nondescript pile of stone several hundred yards from the temple steps. Some thoughtful French archeologist had written a thumbnail description of the town for the *Guide*, and with his assistance we were able to recognize the last stages of what had been the local amphitheater. To say that in its palmiest days it would have resembled the Colosseum at Rome is to say that the local sandlot baseball field resembles Yankee Stadium; the general form and purpose are the same, but the architectural scale, not to mention the quality of competition, is decidedly not.

Since my companion and I had at one time or another listened to the grumblings of former French colonial servants *—Rien à faire dans cette petite ville—*we began to wonder what their Roman equivalents had done centuries before. The amphitheater was patently incapable of containing the legendary spectacles of "bread and circuses" fame, and the complaints must have run as follows:

MARCUS: Did you see Saturday's lineup?

TITUS: Yes, and they're billing it as "fresh from a nine-day triumphal stand in Rome."

MARCUS: Fresh ten years ago! I watched the *retarius* working out in the practice field last night. His net was so full of holes that it couldn't hold an elephant.

TITUS: And did you see the toothless lion they brought out of the wagon? What a break for the Christians!

MARCUS: Boy, 20 *denarii* per person! The Colosseum might charge scalper's prices, but at least you'll have seen something when it's all over. We took in their late night show when I was in Rome on business last year, and for a finale they flooded the arena and had a sea battle by torchlight!

TITUS: This place of ours would hardly take one pint-sized barge, much less a flotilla, and it's so old that it couldn't hold water in the first place.

And so on ad infinitum. Yet the very presence of an amphitheater, whatever its inadequacies, was considerable encouragement to the colonial servant's sense of loyalty to the heart of the Empire. In its absence, and in the absence of the shops, temples, race courses, and public baths that adorn every Roman-Tunisian town of any size, there might have been a weakening of those bonds. Not that the colonial servant made a Rome away from Rome wherever he went. There were a number of ingenious adaptations to local conditions. Underground houses, complete with sunken courtyards, helped to minimize the summer heat of the Bulla Regia in the hot northwestern corner of Tunisia. Swimming pools, rather than fountains, were the order of the day for the villas of wealthier Roman colonial servants in the near-desert atmosphere of the southern Tunisian town of Acholla.

But because trips to the Imperial City were expensive, protracted, and uncomfortable (Apuleius in *The Golden Ass* complained bitterly of the seemingly endless miles covered in springless carriages over rutted roads), the colonial servant re-created an environment in which he could feel more truly at home. Because he did, the Mediterranean area is dotted not only with the Palmyras and Baalbeks of guidebook fame, but also with the Thysdruses and Thuggas that preserve for us the image of a Roman civilization more to the human scale—toothless lions, aging gladiators, tiny stadiums, and all. —DON R. BROWNE.

Don R. Browne is associate professor of speech and theater arts at the University of Minnesota.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 28: grandee, enraged, angered, grenade, derange.


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heartbreak, Colzani and Dalis were proficiently melodramatic. Fausto Cleva, who had not conducted the Cilea score here previously, applied a practiced hand to its episodic insufficiencies, with some upgrading in continuity and impulse.

If *Adriana* is a work of small merit which no company with a proper regard for its patrons should sponsor, *Carmen* is a work of great merit whose misinterpretation by Barrault and Dupont is equally unsuited for even meagerly cultivated taste. Save for a slightly amended setting for Act III (some painted rocks have been added to provide a suggestion of the mountains demanded by the text), it is again being performed in all the cheapness and vulgarity contrived for it a year ago. Putting it back together again, in all deliberation, is merely adding insult to the injury previously inflicted on a masterpiece. Zubin Mehta again applied his energies and his talents to giving the sound of the score the color and sap it contains, with Justino Díaz a better Escamillo for last year's exposure. Mirella Freni was a pleasure to hear as Micaela, as Jon Vickers was—less consistently—as Don José. However, he did not develop the kind of characterization, in these surroundings, that he had when seen in another kind of production at Covent Garden last year.

Basically, the credibility and interest of any performance of *Carmen* relate not to the settings, the staging, or even the statement of the score by the conductor, but to the credibility and interest of Carmen herself. Shirley Verrett, who was awarded the honor of a Metropolitan debut in this role, is a singer of considerable talent. She is good-looking, supple in movement, and possessed of a voice with the range and the color to meet the needs of the score. What she lacks is a dramatic conception to deal with more than the superficial aspects of the role, or the vocal artistry to invest its dramatic high points—which have been known to coaches and conductors for decades—with the emphasis and impact they demand. On balance, it was the kind of accomplishment that might be described as creditable to a youngish singer, making a non-Metropolitan debut. In such a climactic test as the "Card Scene," it was insufficient for these surroundings. That she was, nevertheless, rapturously applauded can only be reported, not evaluated.

Lest it be supposed that *Adriana* and *Carmen* were the sum of the Metropolitan's opening week, there was also the substance of *Turandot* to remind those fortunate enough to hear its two performances that this is an opera theater with resources and standards, however they may be abused. Given a concordance of Birgit Nilsson in the title role, Sándor Kónya as Calaf, Gabriella Tucci

as Liù, Raymond Michalski as Timur, and the Cecil Beaton décor, Zubin Mehta's conducting kindled flames rather than merely smoke. If this is the Metropolitan standard in being—and it is the kind of accomplishment of which any operatic theater could be proud—then everything else that preceded and followed it was not merely substandard, but inadequate. This included not only the *Adriana* and *Carmen* previously described, but the performances of *La Bohème* and *Rigoletto* along the way. With the extended season that now prevails, the probability is that such "filler" performances will be more and more frequent. Those who hope for a brighter future for Teresa Stratas will have to wait another occasion than this one, in which she sang Mimi, to mark its advent. Her *petit point* vocal charm did not fulfill the dramatic dimensions required for this role. Judith DePaul was a typically brassy Musetta, Gianni Raimondi not as assertive a Rodolfo as he had been in the past. The other opera of the week was *Rigoletto*, in which the Spanish tenor Giacomo Aragall made an inconclusive debut as the Duke. The sound he produced was sizable, but not of impressive quality—which may relate to a vocal malaise. Cornell MacNeil, who began as Rigoletto, withdrew after the first act and was replaced by Frank Guarrera. Roberta Peters gave a carefully measured performance as Gilda.

Across the Lincoln Center Plaza, the New York City Opera began its season—delayed by a labor dispute with its orchestral musicians—with a double bill of *Cavalleria* and *Pagliacci* followed by the Puccini *Trittico*. Striking the largest possible balance between this enterprise and the Metropolitan, it can be stated as axiomatic that the one directed by Julius Rudel more often than not exceeds the promise of its names, while the other does not measure up to the names it promises.


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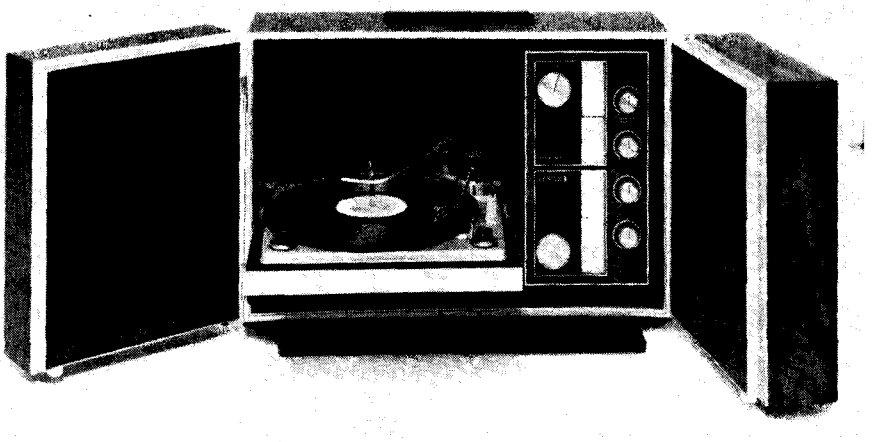




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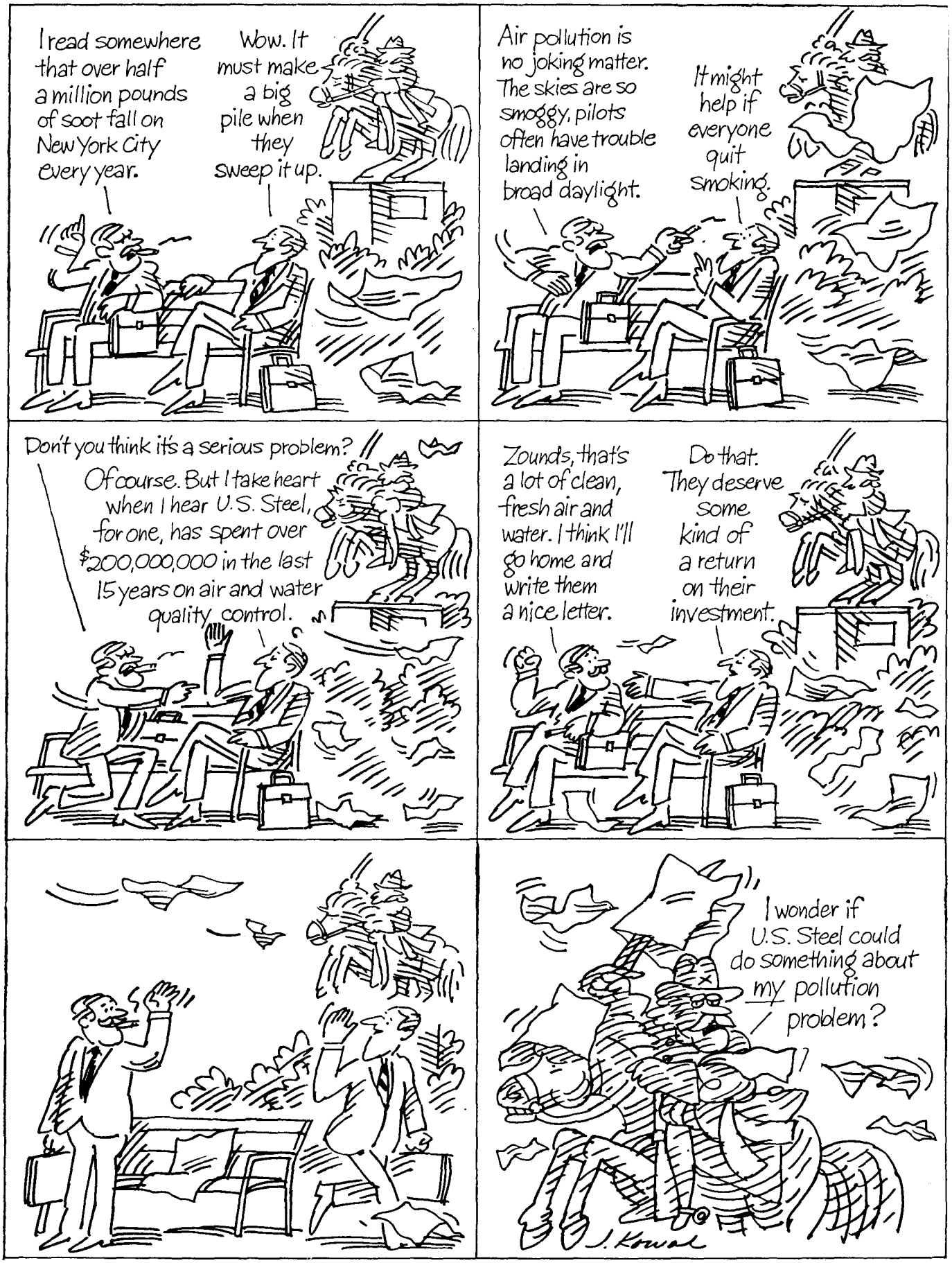
I read somewhere that over half a million pounds of soot fall on New York City every year.
Wow. It must make a big pile when they sweep it up.
Air pollution is no joking matter. The skies are so smoggy, pilots often have trouble landing in broad daylight.
It might help if everyone quit smoking.
Don't you think it's a serious problem?
Of course. But I take heart when I hear U.S. Steel, for one, has spent over $200,000,000 in the last 15 years on air and water quality control.
Zounds, that's a lot of clean, fresh air and water. I think I'll go home and write them a nice letter.
Do that. They deserve some kind of a return on their investment.
I wonder if U.S. Steel could do something about my pollution problem?
J. Kovar

USS United States Steel

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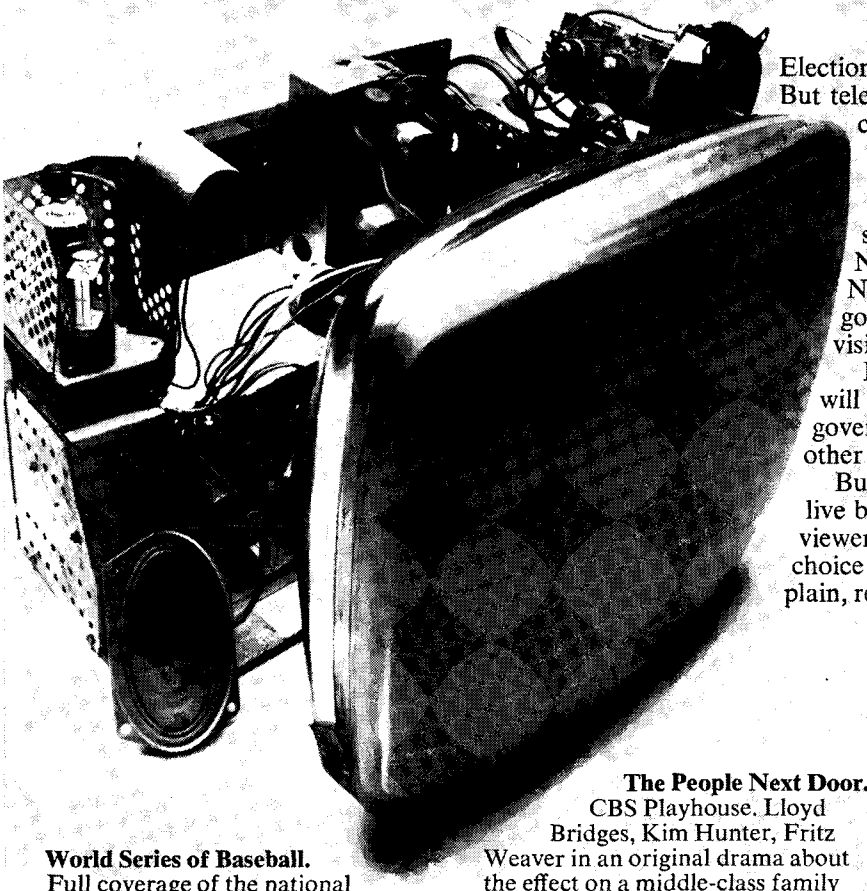
# The box without sides.



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**World Series of Baseball.** Full coverage of the national classic. First game, Wednesday, Oct. 2.

**Summer Olympics From Mexico City.** Full live and taped coverage. Preview, Oct. 6; Opening ceremonies, Oct. 12. Highlights include: men's 10,000-m. race, Oct. 13; men's 100-m. race, Oct. 14; men's pole vault and men's 200-m. race, Oct. 16; women's springboard, Oct. 18; women's 400-m free style, Oct. 18; men's marathon, Oct. 20; women's tower diving, men's 400-m. free style, Oct. 23; men's tower diving, Oct. 26. Closing ceremonies, Oct. 27.

**Discovery.** Discovery Goes to Israel; Discovery Goes to Thailand—The River People; The Stone Age Americans; An Iron Horse in Silver Pastures. Sundays, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30-12 Noon).

**The 21st Century.** The Incredible Voyage; Games Futurists Play; Surviving in Space. Sundays, Oct. 13, 20, 27 (6-6:30 pm).

**Apollo Space Shot.** Tentatively scheduled for Friday, Oct. 11.

**How Life Begins.** A documentary of the beauty, wonder and mystery of all beginnings of life. Monday, Oct. 14 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**The People Next Door.** CBS Playhouse. Lloyd Bridges, Kim Hunter, Fritz Weaver in an original drama about the effect on a middle-class family of discovery that the daughter is on drugs. Tuesday, Oct. 15 (9:30-11 pm).

**The Fabulous Shorts.** A salute to shorts and cartoons that won Academy Awards. Jim Backus narrates. Thursday, Oct. 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**Campaign '68 Specials.** Two reports on the election situation. Sundays, Oct. 20, 27 (6:30-7 pm).

**Babar The Elephant.** Peter Ustinov narrates this animated program drawn from Jean de Brunhoff's children's stories. Monday, Oct. 21 (7:30-8 pm).

**Hemingway's Spain.** The country and its people as seen through Hemingway's novels. Monday, Oct. 21 (9-10 pm).

**America's Wonderlands—The National Parks.** National Geographic Society's panoramic view of the parks and the millions who use them. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**Sophia!** A chronicle of Sophia Loren's life and career. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (9-10 pm).

**Johnny Carson Friars' Roast.** Kraft Music Hall: Ed Sullivan, Steve Allen, other Friars kid Carson. Alan King, toastmaster. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (9-10 pm).

**Bing Crosby Special.** Bob Hope joins Bing Crosby in this music-comedy special. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (10-11 pm).

**It's The Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown.** Charles Schulz's "Peanuts" characters at Halloween. Thursday, Oct. 24 (7:30-8 pm).

**Regularly Scheduled Programs**

**Monday through Friday:** The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

**Tuesdays:** CBS News Hour ("60 Minutes"/CBS Reports/Who, What, When, Where, Why, With Harry Reasoner)

**Saturdays:** The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/ABC's Wide World of Sports/Campaign and the Candidates/G-E College Bowl/Frank McGee Saturday Report

**Sundays:** Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/Catholic Hour/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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# Music to My Ears

*Irving Kolodin*

### A Week of Opera Openings, Metropolitan and State Theater

AN OPERA SEASON that opens with Cilea's *Adriana Lecouvreur* would hardly present a reasonable prospect of going anywhere but up. However, where confounding reason is concerned, the Metropolitan in its present condition is not to be sold short. Before the opening week was out, the stage was set once more with the dismal travesty of *Carmen* introduced last season, and the quality standard touched an even lower level than before.

In this period of six days, the present management of the Metropolitan revealed its capacity to do the unmentionable as well as the intolerable with equal aplomb. The unmentionable was the return, for another round of performances, of a tawdry, contrived, and vapid work which was disparaged when first presented in this country in the early years of the century, and scarcely fared better when it was brought back five years ago. The intolerable was the resumption of the Barrault-Dupont version of *Carmen*, conversationally characterized some months ago by a principal officer of the company as a "flop," but, apparently, not so big a one as to be retired, or even substantially revised.

It could be said with some justice that any opera—even a non-opera such as *Adriana Lecouvreur*—suits well enough the self-centered, over-dressed patrons who comprise most of those willing to pay the high tariff for a Metropolitan opening. But what of the other dozen or so audiences who will, during the season, be offered Cilea's drowsy potion as part of their subscription? Or those in the six or so tour cities who will be similarly favored? They have paid their money on the premise that the Metropolitan deals in masterpieces, near-masterpieces, or, at the least, entertaining examples of the commonplace. *Adriana* fits none of these categories—for commonplace as it is, it is not in the least entertaining.

What it was in 1963, and what it is again, is a work which pleases the musical taste of Renata Tebaldi (at whose pleasure it was revived) and whose opportunities for theatricality she relishes. This is, of course, a rather flagrant instance of the "star system" which has been more than once denounced by Rudolf Bing, without whose acquiescence it could not have been given—or regiven. As will be readily recalled, Miss Tebaldi was able to perform in only a few of the performances scheduled for her in 1963, thereafter entering on her long period of rest and vocal rehabilitation. The presumption must be that, having committed the Metropolitan to a considerable expenditure in copying a production from Naples and refitting a set of costumes borrowed from Rome, the management is determined to amortize part of that expense in the present sequence of performances scheduled for New York and on tour. Doctors, it is said, bury their mistakes. Opera impresarios, so it seems, revive theirs—or try to.

As a performance, the opening one of *Adriana* was no better than might have been anticipated. The quartet of principals was as it had been five years ago, with Franco Corelli as Maurizio, Anselmo Colzani as Michonnet, and Irene Dalis as the Princess de Bouillon in support of Miss Tebaldi as Adriana. Miss Tebaldi was, clearly, more secure vocally than she had been on the earlier occasion, bending a phrase here, shaping a line there, with the artistry for which she was originally acclaimed. But the full richness of sound for which she was then acclaimed is no longer hers to command. At the top, in full voice, it was coarse and rough. As for the acting ability to make credible Adriana's repute as a queen of the French stage, Miss Tebaldi provided attitudes and postures that lacked either credibility or impact. Thus the fervid romance with the Comte de Saxony, whose duplicity results in Adriana's death by poisoning at the hands of his discarded love, was standard operatic mock heroics—the emptier for lacking the melodic support provided, in other circumstances, by Verdi, Puccini, even Ponchielli or Giordano.

Indeed, as had been true on the earlier occasion, the principal beneficiary of Miss Tebaldi's Cilea-enthusiasm was Corelli, if only because he has more to offer in his part than she has in hers. A less gaudy uniform and some inches clipped from the ruffles at his wrists would assist him to look as well as to sound like an aristocrat, for he has the figure, the profile, and the bearing. He also made a conscientious effort to mold his fine sound with shadings of nuance and color, a testament of faith which may earn higher dividends when applied to music more deserving of such consideration. In their contrived parts of an involved, over-detailed, and essentially empty tale of intrigue and


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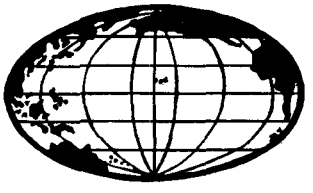

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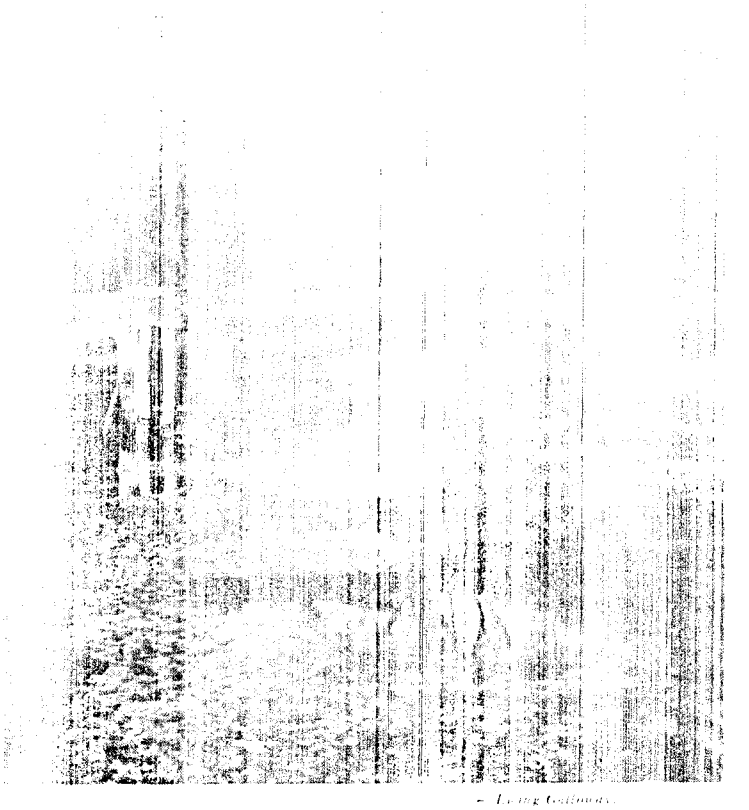
# AUTUMN: THE VESTIBULE OF LIFE



AGAIN the fall of the year has come, bearing the recurrent wonder of dormancy. As the orbit of earth around the sun points the planet's northern pole away from the parent star and so extends the path of light destined for our northern hemisphere, the days shorten, nights lengthen, and rehearsals of death are called for the approaching winter. Hibernating animals enter a long undulation of drowsings and rousings, mysteriously tied to the unseen procession of dusks and dawns, while the bodies cool and their movements slow to the edge of stillness. Leaves desert their trees for the barren ground in response to the retreat of the growth hormones —auxins, cytokinins, and gibberillins— before the antagonistic presence of the slowdown hormone, dormin.

While all life drifts on the ebb tide of the year, awaiting a new flood of another spring, scientists share the yearnings of other men to understand the cycling mechanism that makes it happen. At the Institute for Muscle Research of the Marine Biological Laboratory in Woods Hole, Massachusetts, Nobel laureate Albert Szent-Gyorgyi hunts for a guiding order in the vast multitude of intermolecular electron transfers that must occur to hasten flittings of the spark of life through autumn's vestibule.

Apples and pears and the other fruits of summer are harvested now, and Szent-Gyorgyi writes of them in a paper just published in *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. When a fruit falls from its tree, he reminds us, a brownish mark appears on the skin of the fruit at the spot where the fruit strikes the ground. The disfiguring pigment forms through combination of two natural substances with names understandable only to professional chemists—a polyphenol and a polyphenoloxidase.

IN intact fruit, these chemicals exist discretely side by side, under circumstances that hold them securely beyond reach of each other. But the subtle damage inflicted by the fall of the fruit breaks the barrier between them and frees the phenoloxidase (one of the many enzymes that mediate biological processes) to change the phenol into a quinone, a chemical capable of killing bacteria.

In Szent-Gyorgyi's mind, the lethal nature of the quinone explains why nature bruises the fallen apple: "The reaction serves as a defense and has a great survival value." He goes on:

> Suppose a bacterium penetrates the plant. By the damage it induces, it releases the phenoloxidase from its bondage; the enzyme [that is, the phenoloxidase] oxidizes [adds oxygen to the] phenols to [create] quinones, and the quinones kill the bacterium. Nature cunningly has set a trap and the invading micro-organisms commit suicide by activating the enzyme system.

Szent-Gyorgyi points out that quinones perform other valuable functions in the life cycle. They "tan" proteins, which make up 90 per cent of all forms of life. Suppose a growing plant is cut. "The tanned proteins form a protective film over the cut," he says, "closing the wound. There is thus a regulatory system in the plant which functions in such a way that damage activates it, whereupon it corrects the damage."

Such feedback systems are among nature's most widely applied inventions. As an instance, Szent-Gyorgyi cites the the action of sunlight on human skin:

> Ultraviolet radiation damages our skin, the damage releases tyrosinase [another enzyme], the tyrosinase produces pigments, and the pigments protect us against sunlight.

Another instance is the clotting of blood:

> In blood coagulation, damage to blood and blood vessels releases an enzymic system which produces fibrin [a blood fraction], which plugs up the damaged vascular system. If damage is deep, it is desirable that the damaged cell be eliminated. Such damage releases cathepsin, [still another] . . . enzyme, which digests and eliminates the damaged cell.

In all multi-cellular organisms, division of cells must be closely regulated. Growth can be allowed only insofar as it meets the needs of the whole organism. Sometimes, however, growth occurs as a means of repair. As Szent-Gyorgyi points out, "If I cut myself, my cells have to start multiplying on short notice to fill the gap and heal the wound."

Can the mechanism of cell division be brought into line with the other regulatory systems in which an inflicted damage induces changes leading to cor-



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rection of the damage? Szent-Gyorgyi suspects it can. His reasoning follows:

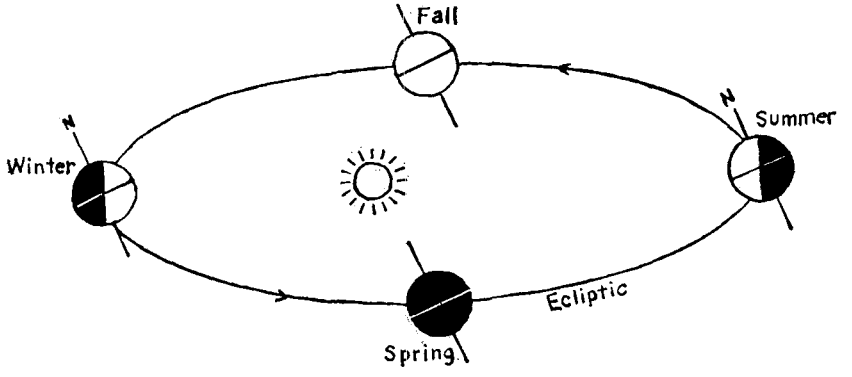
A family of chemicals called keto-aldehydes is known to inhibit cell division in bacteria and other forms of life. Keto-aldehydes are dissoluble by the enzyme glyoxalase. It may be, therefore, that a normal cell relies on keto-aldehydes to function as a brake on cell division. Gyloxalase may be the cell's means of taking off the brake for the duration of an emergency. If that is true, survival requires the cell to be able to shut off the glyoxalase when the emergency is past.

Szent-Gyorgyi concludes:

> If a cell lost its ability to bind its own glyoxalase . . . then it [the cell] would have to go on multiplying senselessly and endlessly, behaving like a cancer cell. As far as we know, the only difference between a normal cell and a cancer cell is . . . that the latter divides when no proliferation is needed.
>
> All this leads to a new theory of cancer: A cancer cell is a cell which has lost its ability to bind its own glyoxalase. Whether this theory is right or wrong remains to be demonstrated. It recommends itself by its clarity, its simplicity, and its ability to explain why such a great variety of noxious influences can lead to the same end, cancer. The theory also has the earmark of a good theory: It can be proved or disproved. What may lend it additional value is the fact that it suggests various ways of seeking a therapy for cancer.

Enormous amounts of money are being spent to kill people. How much is available to expunge suffering from life? This particular autumn is an appropriate time to deliberate the question.

# How to Predict an Earthquake




UNDER the influence of its constant spin, the earth flattens at the poles and bulges at the equator. The competing gravitational pulls of the sun and moon tug at the bulge in an alternating rhythm and cause the planet's axis to rock. The rocking swings the poles of the axis in a circle that takes 26,000 years to complete. This phenomenon, called precession, has been known to astronomers for centuries. Because the position of the earth's axis determines the seasons of the year, precession could throw the months of the annual 365-day calendar out of step with the weather if some adjustments were not made regularly. It is for this reason that an extra day is added to February every fourth year—that day making up the difference in time between four calendar years of 365 days each and the period occupied by four circuits of earth around the sun from vernal equinox (spring) to vernal equinox.

Seventy-seven years ago an astronomer named S. C. Chandler noticed that the circle of precession of the earth's axis was punctuated by a wobble. Scientists who studied the wobble felt that more or less continuous excitement of it in some way would be required to keep it going. Since earthquakes occur somewhere on the globe almost continuously, it was suggested to the Royal Society of London in 1906 that the Chandler wobble might be due to earthquakes.

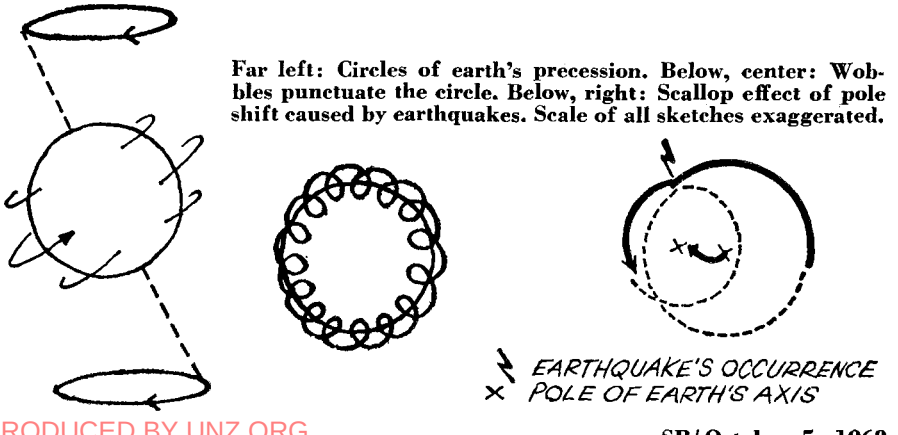
According to the theory behind this suggestion, earthquakes would cause a shifting of the mass of the planet's interior and the displacement of the mass would throw the axis off balance. In those days, however, even the most severe earthquakes were believed to displace mass over only a short distance—perhaps 100 miles at the outside—from the focus of the quake.Such an amount of displacement fell several orders of magnitude (that is, at least 100 times) short of the amount that would have been needed to wobble earth's axis.

In 1965, using new and acutely sensitive instruments he had helped to develop, Dr. Frank Press (now at Massachusetts Institute of Technology) demonstrated that mass displacement occasioned by great earthquakes could extend over 1,000 or more miles from the site of the quake.

Last year two assistant professors in the department of geophysics at the University of Western Ontario in Canada—one born in India, L. Mansinha, an intellectual product of the University of British Columbia and Rice Institute; the other D. E. Smylie, a graduate of the University of Toronto—did some calculations and came up with an estimate of the total deformation of the earth during large earthquakes. They reported in the *Journal of Geophysical Research:* The displacement of mass was great enough to throw the planet's axis askew.

Last month Mansinha and Smylie published refinements in their research. First they mapped the path of the North Pole as it would appear if traced among the stars. They found that the Chandler wobble was not a steady motion; it occurred spasmodically, leaving a record in the form of a circle broken by many scallops. During the years 1957 to 1968, the scallops numbered forty-one. Mansinha and Smylie timed the appearance of the scallops and determined that thirty-two of the forty-one were related to the times of occurence of earthquakes greater in magnitude than 7.5 on the Richter scale (the scale stops at magnitude 8).

By plotting the arc formed by each scallop, Mansinha and Smylie were able to locate the North Pole at the time each arc was being inscribed. They found that the pole would flip to a new position around the time of each major quake. On closer examination of their data, the




**Far left: Circles of earth's precession. Below, center: Wobbles punctuate the circle. Below, right: Scallop effect of pole shift caused by earthquakes. Scale of all sketches exaggerated.**



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wo Canadian researchers saw in the ole path premonitions of earthquakes ve to ten days before the quakes.

If, as present-day theory supposes, arthquakes represent a resettling of the lanet's mass following internal dislocaions, it would be logical for the pole of arth's axis to begin to swing before any uaking began. In a report in *Science*, Mansinha and Smylie suggested that a hange in the pole path might serve as a varning that a very large release of train within the earth's interior is about to take place. Given the present state of geophysical knowledge, the warning could not be used to pinpoint the site of a coming quake. But simultaneous study of strain gauges now installed in large faults in the earth's crust (such as the San Andreas fault in California) might contribute to the accuracy of quake prediction. In any case, primary interest in earthquakes resides in those quakes that strike inhabited areas; hence, the warning might be directed especially to regions of dense population.

# Opinion Polling in the U.S.S.R.

THERE is incessant talk about the ubiquitous influence of science on society. But the talkers seldom direct their remarks precisely to immediate points of impact. For example, there is a lamentable lack of curiosity about the role that science may be playing in the current events in Czechoslovakia.

Why did the Russians resort to armed intervention in repressing expressions of individualism among the Czechs? None of the Czech leaders has proposed abandonment of the socialist philosophy of the Soviet Union. What then has Moscow to fear from Prague?

Much of the answer may lie in public opinion polls and other sociological studies that Soviet social scientists have been making inside the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

At the time of the Bolshevik revolution, the Reds determined to rewrite history to fit the pattern of their special political needs. The secret operatives of the Cheka soon discovered that liquidation of historians alone would not accomplish the purpose. Philosophers, political scientists, lawyers, and sociologists also had to go; and after them economists, anthropologists, psychologists, and linguists; finally the museum directors, ethnologists, and archaeologists were rounded up. Some were shot; some simply disappeared; others were deported to Siberian prison camps; many committed suicide. People and accumulated knowledge were destroyed together. All nationalities and all republics and autonomous regions shared the devastating nightmare. Even fairy tales were banned.

The "cult of personality" that Josef Stalin inherited and intensified did not fade away with his death, in spite of Nikita Krushchev's denunciatory speech of February 1956. Stalin's "standards" for "scholarship" continued in force until July 1964, when the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union instructed the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. to summon a conference on the social sciences. The key paper read to the assembled delegates by academicians P. N. Fedoseyev and Yu. Frantsev contained this remarkable understatement:

> One of the worst consequences of the cult of personality was the lowering of prestige of the social scientists. This was done by placing the scientists working in the areas of social science in those days into a situation which limited to the extreme their creative activity.

At the twenty-third congress of the party in March-April 1966, party chief Leonid Brezhnev had this to say:

> To elaborate important problems of economics, politics, philosophy, sociology, history, law, and other social sciences in close tie with the practice of Communist construction is a most important task of Soviet scientists. . . . It is necessary to put an end to the idea, prevalent among a portion of our cadres, that they are called upon merely to explain and comment upon practice. The development of the social sciences and the implementation of their recommendations are of no less importance than the utilization of the achievements of the natural sciences in the sphere of material production and development of the people's spiritual life.

Soviet Premier Kosygin added:

> Sociological research, based on a materialist understanding of history and generalizing the concrete facts of life of socialist society, is day by day playing a bigger role in the solution of practical questions of politics, production, and education.

In view of the trouble the Czechs since have got into by trying to liberalize representation in their Parliament, it is worth noting that one of Russia's scientific publications subsequent to the twenty-third Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union was a book written by a group of sociologists working with Valdimir I. Razin of Moscow University. This volume was concerned with trends toward popular participation in government.

The Razin book was mentioned in *Science and Ideology in Soviet Society*, edited by George Fischer of the Russian Institute of Columbia University and published by Atherton Press in February 1968. *Science and Ideology in Soviet Society* also referred to three major social science surveys conducted in the Soviet Union in the last five years: one at Gorky, a large industrial city on the Volga River; one at Novosibirsk, "the Chicago of Siberia"; and one at Leningrad. Fischer commented:

> The social scientists of any country face the question of how well, how fully and honestly, they show the social reality. In the Soviet case, long years of fulsome idealization and outright lies make the question all the more pertinent. Can it be that Soviet scholars are now making public social data that could go counter to an official, often still heavily idealized, picture of life? . . . Let it be said that, as the three big surveys show, some Soviet socialists do get much closer to gray and even black shadings of reality now than at any time since the 1920s. True, this is not always so; the cultural style remains ideological much of the time. But in the last few years a shift has been apparent even here.

At the 1968 convention of the American Sociological Association in Boston last August, another report on the work of social scientists in the Soviet Union became public. Author of this summary of the current situation within Russia was Dr. Alex Simirenko, a native of Kiev who won his Ph.D. at the University of Minnesota after fleeing Russia as a displaced person. Simirenko, who this month is moving from the faculty of the University of Nevada to the faculty of San Fernando Valley State College in California, flatly told the ASA:

> Gone are the days when every Soviet sociologist writing on the subject would be expected to proclaim his and other sociologists' loyalty to Marxism-Leninism and to provide simple-minded illustrations of uses of sociological research to the country and the Party. To be sure, these utterances are still being made on occasion, generally by obscure novices in the field, but as a rule they are rare.

Simirenko expatiated:

> A study of vocational plans and occupational mobility of secondary school graduates is the best known empirical research conducted by the new Soviet



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sociologists. Performed by a dozen sociologists at the Novosibirsk University, headed by Vladimir N. Shubkin, the study is generally referred to as the Novosibirsk Study. It is impressive in its methodological sophistication, sound scholarship, and especially its political daring. . . .

Conducted with the acknowledged support of party officials, the study was intended to provide a series of factual details on the occupational problems of young people in Soviet society in order to facilitate more effective social planning for the future. . . . So far, only partial results of the study are available; but the data which are available places it . . . as a sociological classic. . . .

ONE interesting finding of the Novosibirsk study was a great disparity between the vocational plans of Russian high school graduates and the fruition of those plans. Eight per cent of the boys planned to go to work immediately, as did a like percentage of the girls. Actually, 26 per cent of the boys and 35 per cent of the girls went to work. Seven per cent of the boys and 14 per cent of the girls hoped to find jobs that would allow part-time study; but only 2 per cent of the boys and 3 per cent of the girls managed to find such jobs. Eighty-five per cent of the boys and 78 per cent of the girls had planned to continue studying full time; 48 per cent of the boys and 41 per cent of the girls did in fact continue full-time study. Further analysis of the data revealed, among other things, that the ability to pursue further studies had a high correlation with the family's social position. Shubkin made the following candid comment:

> Thus, while we categorically oppose any broad interpretation of these selective data, we do have grounds for affirming that the paths through life taken by young people from various social groups today show significant divergences. Of every 100 secondary school graduates coming from families of collective-farm members and state-farm workers, only ten continued to study after completion of secondary school and ninety went to work, while of every 100 graduates coming from the families of urban non-manual persons, eighty-two continued their studies and only fifteen went to work.

The study also disclosed that most Russian high school seniors in formulating their plans for the future are trying to escape the undesirable social position of their parents. Very few of all the respondents wish to work either in the field of agricultural production or in the service occupations. The great majority desires work either in the field of industrial production or the professions.

Simirenko in his ASA paper observed:

> The data . . . forced the authors to conclude that unless something is done soon to change the social meaning of agricultural and service occupations, Soviet society is likely to be faced with [a] tremendous shortage of workers in these fields. Up to now . . . service occupations and agricultural production were glorified in the Soviet press without any . . . objective attempt . . . to change the lot of people filling these positions. Shubkin and his colleagues maintain that much more than this has to be done to literally save these occupations. Youth desires a different way of life and not simply a better remuneration for its services. Young people desire comforts and cultural stimulation now being offered only in cities. At the same time, they also desire occupations which will permit greater creativity and open greater variety of opportunities for their talents. . . .
>
> Soviet society had always been a society in which women found a more equal access to the various professional occupations often reserved to males in western societies. According to the present study, however, more and more women are choosing either humanitarian or biological disciplines for further study. The males . . . are almost uniformly opposed to entering these professions, preferring to specialize in technical and physico-mathematical sciences. Soviet sociologists are puzzled . . . and express certain apprehension. In their words, "whatever the causes of such phenomena, society is hardly to be served with a perspective when all the engineers are males, while doctors and teachers are females."
>
> Whatever else may be said about this study, Soviet sociologists have begun to concern themselves with the social problems facing their society. . . .

As another laudable example of social science research in the Soviet Union, Simirenko cited a study of leisure and its uses in Russia—a survey conducted by the Institute of Public Opinion under the auspices of the official Komsomol daily, *Komsomolskaia pravda*. Directed by B. A. Grushin and based on carefully stratified sampling of 2,730 interviews, this study, Simirenko said, is a frank exploration of non-working hours of Soviet urbanites. The study began in 1963 and took three years to reach publication. Simirenko ranked it as "the first Soviet survey to explore the whole of the Soviet society." He summarized it:

> Similar to the experience in the United States, the higher the education and occupation of the individual, the greater number of hours he is likely to spend at his work. Nine hours and more of daily work are reported by 6.5 per cent of laborers, 12.1 per cent of clerical workers, 17.3 per cent of technical professional personnel, and as much as 38.8 per cent of the professionals. . . .
>
> The study of leisure by Soviet sociologists is always referred to as the study of the non-working time. They point out that the non-working time cannot be equated with the leisure time, since much of it is spent on shopping, cooking, cleaning, and transportation to and from work, as well as taking care of the children. . . .
>
> The category of Soviet population most deprived of free time are the employed women, as well as the housewives whose duties include fixing meals and standing in queues while shopping. Time spent on daily routines is also positively related to the size of cities; the larger the city the longer time it takes to perform the various chores. Free time is also related to age. . . . The figures reflect the fact that it is the retired grandmothers and grandfathers who are generally performing functions of baby sitters, housekeepers, and shoppers in the families of their sons and daughters. . . .
>
> The final practical conclusion and recommendation of the study is that it is more important at this point to shorten the time it takes to care for the necessities of life than to cut the working time of the population. It is estimated that . . . shopping, cooking, and cleaning alone take the time of 100 billion hours of work yearly, equalling one year's life for 12 million people. These are extremely sensitive and politically daring proposals. To decrease the time spent on the necessities of life, the government would have to give more consideration to the needs of the individual. Soviet sociologists are both expressing and scientifically validating the desires of Soviet citizens. . . .

Simirenko's report to ASA is to be included in a book that will be published next month by Quadrangle Press of Chicago under the title, *Social Thought in the Soviet Union*. When read in tandem with Fischer's book, *Science and Ideology in Soviet Society*, the Simirenko text raises a logical if not inevitable question about current events in Czechoslovakia:

If the men in the Kremlin were to allow the Czechs and Slovaks the freedom of expression now being sought in Prague, how could the Soviet leaders refuse to grant the wishes which Soviet social science studies show are agitating the minds of the Soviet Union's own young people? And what would fulfillment of those wishes do to the power structure in the Soviet Union?

—JOHN LEAR.



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# THE BRAIN IN EVOLUTION

By CARL C. LINDEGREN

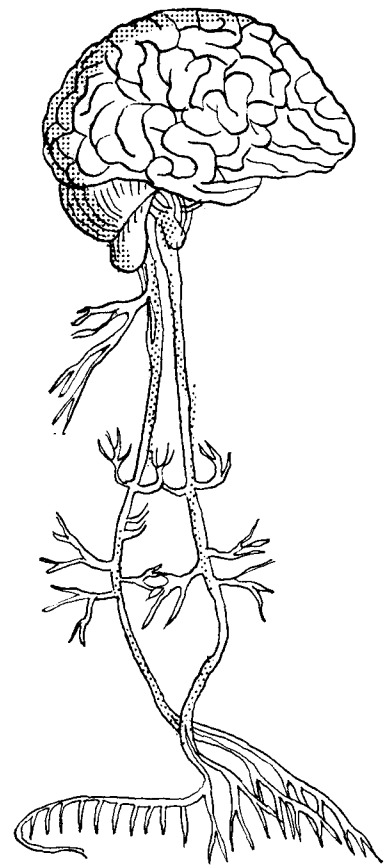
SINCE the simplest animal with a nervous system is incomparably more complex than any plant, it seems reasonable to assume that evolution in plants and in animals has occurred by quite different mechanisms. The basic nature of the cleavage is evident in the fact that the life germ of plants is transmissible through vegetative cuttings. The germ track in the plant cannot be protected from the shocks of the environment. Yet plants grown from cuttings produce seeds as normal as the seeds produced by plants grown from normal seeds. In most multi-cellular animals, however, environmental shocks that produce changes in the animals during development leave irreversible effects in the cells involved. To prevent such changes from being passed on to subsequent generations, the germ track in animals is isolated and protected. When one considers, as Cecil P. Martin points out in *Psychology, Evolution, and Sex*, the enormous number of structures which have to be changed to make the slightest alteration in a muscular organism, it seems almost impossible that accidental mutations could produce genes capable of bringing about all the necessary and essential adjustments. In discussing evolution of the upright posture of the human species, Martin says:

> . . . as the higher animals evolved and took on new ways of living, the function of many muscles, or parts of muscles, changed; they were called upon to take on new tasks and to abandon their former ones. This was especially the case when the ancestors of man adopted an upright posture and bipedal locomotion. Some muscles therefore have become enlarged in man and this enlargement has given rise to new muscular ridges on the bones to which the muscles are attached, or to the greater development of old ones, e.g., the linea aspera of the femur and the anterior, inferior iliac spine. Other bones acquired new curves from the new or greatly increased action of certain muscles upon them, e.g., the angle of the human ribs from the pull of iliocostalis. Possibly none of these bony features is as yet truly hereditary, but, what comes to the same thing, the tendency of the bones to form in response to the muscular stresses certainly is hereditary.
>
> Other muscles or parts of muscles were required to undertake a static role in the place of their former active one; they were required to act as intermittent and frequent resistances to stretching and to surrender their capacity to act as contractile organs. Every one of these muscles has been converted into ligament exactly in proportion to the change of function which it sustained. This is well seen in the intertransverse muscles of the vertebral column in man, for the degree to which these have been converted into ligament in different regions of the column parallels the limitation of movement which the vertebral column of those regions has sustained in man. There can be no doubt that the conversion originally began in postnatal life, for many of these ligamentous structures are still muscular in the human foetus. Nor can we doubt that many of the conversions are now hereditary, for they occur before birth.
>
> It also seems evident that each conversion took place by a succession of small steps or even continuously, for wide though continuous individual and racial variations still exist in them all. Of course, muscles are not the only elements that entered into the formation of ligaments but there is not any doubt that many ligaments are derived in part or wholly from former muscles. It would be fantastic to suggest that a mutation causing a small step in one of these conversions could possess the slightest survival value or enter in any way into the survival value of a whole gene complex. . . .

It is important to realize that Martin is not discussing a subject with which he has merely a passing acquaintance. His are the comments of a seasoned anatomist speaking with authority upon a subject on which he is an acknowledged expert.

Now the brains of most animals—for example, frogs—appear to be enormously overdeveloped insofar as their immediate needs are concerned; the obliteration of the cerebral hemispheres produces a frog which is deaf and blind but otherwise indistinguishable from his fellows. Is it not possible that there are mechanisms in the brain which have something to do with the adjustment and adaptation of the animal toward its environment?

We recognize the validity of psychosomatic influences on disease. The occurrence of psychosomatic disease means that the psyche can produce a diseased condition. Why should it not be possible for the psyche to make other adjustments as well?



—*Doug Anderson after Vesalius.*

THIS does not necessarily mean that the adjustments would be conscious, or even what a conscious planner would consider reasonable; but it does suggest the possibility that a planned program, such as one could write into a calculating machine, might be written into the brain and that this plan would in some way be followed.

The autonomous nervous system exercises a considerable control over the bodily mechanism. Certainly, only a very small fraction of the controls which are exercised ever reach the consciousness. Most of the solutions to problems appear to me suddenly upon awakening from sleep and, hence, appear to have been worked out by a mechanism to which I merely fed data and in which my volition was not exercised, except in the selection and observation of the data.

The difficulties which seem almost insurmountable to Martin disappear if one supposes that the brain functions as an epigenetic [originating in the embryo] controlling agent during development to coordinate the different necessary adjustments. According to this theory, dur-



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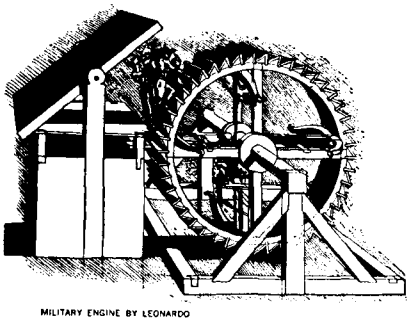

MILITARY ENGINE BY LEONARDO

*Leonardo Da Vinci was a backward writer*

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ing the formation of the nervous tissue, the brain could play a major part in the process of development of the fertilized egg into the adult. The mechanism would be epigenetic since it would require the completion of one structure before the next could be organized.

JEAN BAPTISTE PIERRE DE LAMARCK insisted on the importance of an organism's *striving* to achieve a change. He supposed that the strivings of swans to make their necks longer, or of cranes to make their legs longer, had an effect *that carried over into the next generation;* hence, that striving produced at least a lingering modification. Martin has pointed out in a consideration of the evolution of flightless birds, that the difference between the flightless birds on isolated islands and their progenitors that were capable of flight was that the flightless birds were derived from progenitors that had been reluctant flyers. When reluctant flyers and eager flyers were isolated in an environment free of predators, the eager flyers retained their capacity for flight while the reluctant flyers became flightless. These observations, together with the proposal that the nervous system may function in development, suggest a new kind of pangenesis in which the nervous system controls a feedback mechanism to the germinal cells which directs the development of hereditary material.

The enormous enthusiasm for calculating machines, which has impelled many theorists to look upon the machines as equivalent to living organisms, would tend to support the argument that the brain might control development since it is generally agreed that no calculating machine has ever been devised which approaches the brain either in complexity or in capacity. If a) the different members of the cell-society are not particularly dissimilar and if b) most of the differences are mainly due to changes in their proportions and, hence, to the interactions and *balances* between the members of the cell-society (rather than to changes in the kinds of organelles), then the problem of epigenetic feedback to the gonads would be considerably simplified. According to this theory, one would suppose that all the different kinds of original members of the cell-society of animals' cells had been developed to a specific balance in the early stages of each phylum and that many of the differences in evolution might result from environmental influences which led to adaptations effected by changes in balance under the control of the epigenetic action of the nervous system. If the effect had been intensified in succeeding generations by epigenetic feedback to the sex cells, many major changes might be achieved with a cell-society to which no *new kinds of members* had been added but in which a variety of *new kinds of balances* had been achieved by shifting the proportions of standard components present both in the genome (parent set of chromosomes) and the plasmon (that part of the cell outside the nucleus).

It may be important to test this proposal by concentrating more on the transplantation of material from the cytoplasms (rather than the *nuclei*) of related organisms and observing the changes which occur in development. The highly stratified eggs of some of the amphibians suggest that one might remove material from different strata and replace it with similar material from a different but relatively closely related form. Thus it should be possible to determine whether or not, and how much, such changes can affect subsequent development.

There is a tendency now to search for the solutions to the problems of life in the analysis of the mechanism controlling the production of an enzyme by a gene, and, although this is an endeavor worthy of the greatest effort, it would be fatal to lose sight of higher goals and to assume that the molecular biologist could achieve even a modicum of success without the help of the anatomist, the ecologist, the physiologist, the taxonomist, the cytologist, the immunologist, the psychologist, and, above all, the philosopher.

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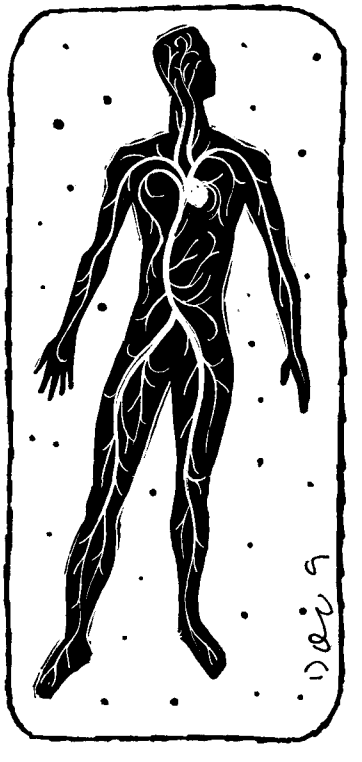
Carl C. Lindegren is professor emeritus, biological research laboratory, Southern Illinois University. He discusses the subject of the above article at greater length in a book, *Cold War in Biology*, published by Planarian Press, Ann Arbor, Michigan.





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# The Historic Voyage of the *Kane*—Leg 2

LAS PALMAS, CANARY ISLANDS.

THE second leg of the inaugural scientific survey voyage of the U.S.N.S. *Kane* brought us from Dakar to the Canary Islands with a new appreciation of the nursery rhyme about losing a kingdom for want of a horseshoe nail. Our attempt to trace a prominent scar in the floor of the Atlantic Ocean continuously from Cape Hatteras on the eastern coast of the United States to Cap Blanc on the western coast of Africa has been frustrated by a broken part in an airgun.

The gun fires sound waves down through the sea water to the ocean bottom so that we can map the bottom by measuring the time it takes for the sound to echo back to recording instruments on the *Kane*. Without the gun, we have no sound source strong enough to penetrate the half-mile-deep sediments blanketing the continental slope of Africa. Without the sound, there can be no echoes for the recorder to map.

Two airguns were aboard the *Kane* when we sailed for Dakar from Bermuda [see "200,000,000 Years Under the Sea," *SR*, Sept. 7]. By the time we reached Dakar one gun was out of commission from overwork. In a sense, the failure was a proof of the thoroughness of our ocean floor mapping. No oceanographic expedition had ever kept an airgun in action incessantly for such a long period, and the gun's manufacturer therefore had no way of knowing what would happen under such demanding circumstances.

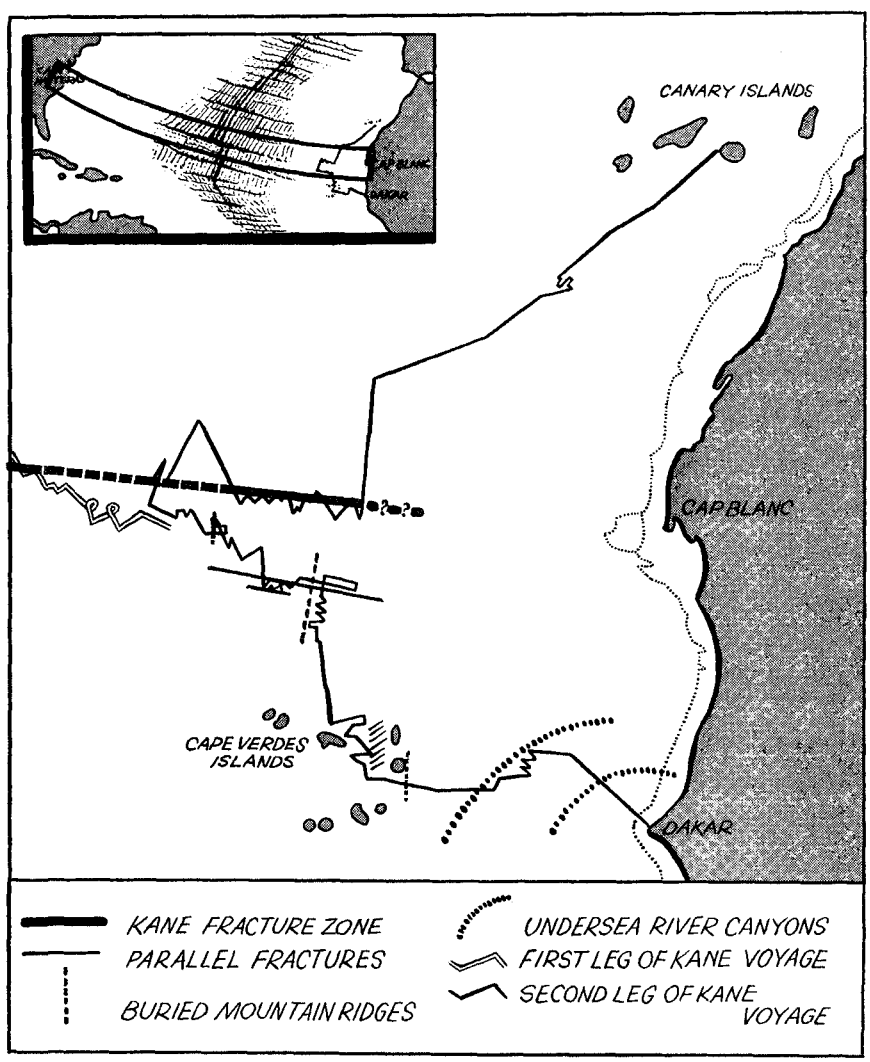
We thought the second gun would last for the duration of the much shorter run from Dakar to Las Palmas. So we didn't spare its use, but fired it steadily from the time we crossed the undersea canyons off Africa until we returned to the sea mount described in our report to *SR* last month. From the sea mount we sailed northeast to a point eastward of the easternmost point to which the first leg of the *Kane* voyage had taken us on the sea floor scar (Scarp D, which we renamed the Kane Fracture Zone) we had followed from Bermuda (see map). But we were able to continue following the scar eastward on the second leg of the voyage for only forty-eight hours before the second airgun broke down. Since the other sound-makers carried on the *Kane* were too weak to penetrate the sediments west of Cap Blanc, we abandoned the scar and veered sharply north, then northeast to Las Palmas.

Although the principal purpose of the *Kane* voyage eastward from Bermuda was thus defeated, we did make some interesting observations between Dakar and the Canaries. In addition to discovering short ranges of underwater mountains and valleys parallel to the mid-Atlantic Ridge and to the Kane Fracture Zone, we located an area of sea floor in the neighborhood of the Cape Verde Islands where heat rises from the interior of the earth at about twice the rate of the rise through earth's sea floors generally. Similar anomalies in the heat flow pattern have been reported recently from the Pacific Ocean. With study of these phenomena, we may enter a new era of understanding how the sea floors spread and carry the continents from one place to another over millions of years of time. We may even find clues to the whereabouts of those regions where the earth's slowly moving crust is crumpled and recycled downward into the planet's interior.

Disappointing though our unexpected experiences with the airguns have been, we still hope to accomplish the main purpose of the *Kane* voyage after we sail south from here. With new airgun parts scheduled to be made available to us here and in Monrovia, we plan to trace another ocean-bottom scar from Monrovia across the Atlantic to Trinidad in the southern Caribbean.

—BRUCE C. HEEZEN.

Professor Bruce C. Heezen is a member of the staff of the Geology Department of Columbia University and of the Lamont Geological Observatory on the Palisades. He is serving as chief scientist on the inaugural voyage of the *Kane*.




**VOYAGE OF THE KANE - LEG 2: Unbroken light black line in map above marks course of U.S.N.S. *Kane* from Dakar to Canary Islands. Ship sailed roughly northwest from Dakar to a sea mount (flat-topped underwater mountain) which the *Kane* had reached on the first leg of the voyage (double black line) before heading straight for Dakar. From the seamount, the course of Leg 2 swung northeast until the sea floor scar from Cape Hatteras to Cap Blanc (bounded in color on inset map and marked by heavy line of color in large map) was again located. The *Kane* then zigzagged eastward across the scar until deep-sounding airgun, capable of "seeing through" half-mile-deep sediments off Africa, stopped functioning. Other colored lines in large map are identified in map's legend. Short vertical colored comb indicates region of slumpage in ocean floor where flow of heat from earth's interior was measured at double normal rate.**



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# 100,000 SQUARE MILES OF BURNING ROCK

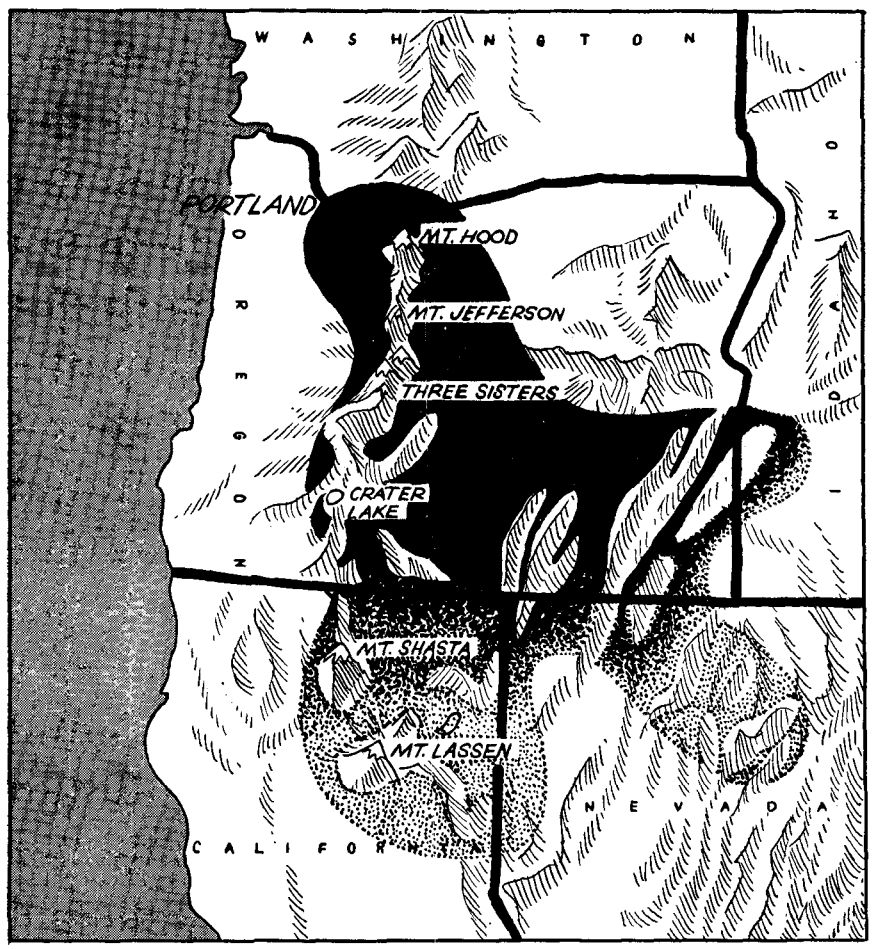
***The Vastest Single Lava Layer Ever Found—Where Did It Originate?***

By HARRY E. WHEELER
and HOWARD A. COOMBS

AMONG the more somber features of the landscape of the semi-arid interior of the American Northwest are the tablelands: buttes, mesas, and plateaus of infinitely varied size and shape. Their individual identities are maintained against erosion by the wind and rain because they are capped by a resistant layer of flat or almost flat hard rock. In the four neighboring states of Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, and California, hundreds of tablelands—perhaps one in every five that can be counted over a 450-mile stretch—are covered by a single distinctive rock type. The texture of this particular "rim-rock" lava has a long technical name: diktytaxitic, which means an intergrowth of crystals protruding into many tiny openings. The crystal faces in this intricately irregular pattern reflect a generous share of whatever light is available, usually producing a medium-to-light gray color in marked contrast with the near-black of most other basalts. When chunks of this diktytaxitic rock are broken loose and held in the hand, a keen beholder can discern what looks like a jumble of minute jackstraws.

So ubiquitous is this one rock layer that geologists half a century ago began calling it *Mesa basalt* in recognition of its role as tableland capping in the Nevada-Oregon boundary area where it was first described. Like all other basalts, the *Mesa basalt* is believed to have had a source in the lower part of the earth's crust; that is, from a depth of about ten to thirty miles. At some time in the planet's rather recent past, *Mesa basalt* was squeezed up as a fiery liquid, or *magma,* which cooled and hardened after spreading over the surface.

*Mesa basalt* is a characteristic relic of the rather violent geologic history of the American Northwest. The volcanism that occurred directly before and during the Pleistocene Epoch or "Ice Age" of the past two or three million years has involved a great variety of rock types of all compositions and textures. These rocks display a range of eruption characteristics from quiescent to highly explosive and comprise the building materials for all varieties of volcanic landforms. They are responsible for such exciting topographic spectacles as the volcanic cones of Mount Baker, Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Mount Shasta, and Mount Lassen in the Cascade Range; shield volcanos of the Hawaiian type; volcanic domes; great collapsed volcanos or calderas like that of Crater Lake, a 2,000-foot-deep pool of blue water six miles across, circled by cliffs from 500 to 2,000 feet high; hundreds of cinder cones, including the 780-foot symmetric wonder known as Wizard Island in the midst of Crater Lake; simple explosion craters, exemplified by central Oregon's "Hole-in-the-Ground"; both local and regionally extensive ash and pumice falls; and innumerable large and small fields of lava.




—Doug Anderson.

**Earth's greatest known lava flow covered four-state area bounded in color in map above. Color shading connotes relative thickness of lava layer.**

Because many of these surviving remnants of bygone catastrophe are situated either close to or at the precise sites of the eruptions that brought them into being, and because so many of the others occurred in intimate association with locally erupted rocks, it has been natural for geologists to assume that the sources of all lavas are not far distant from the places where the lavas are found. And it was long supposed that many different local orifices belched the *Mesa basalt* in or near the myriad areas it now occupies.

The authors of this paper—one with a primary interest in regional patterns of stratified rocks, the other a specialist in volcanology and engineering geology—have been personally acquainted with the *Mesa basalt* for forty years. Only after several consecutive seasons of regional geological reconnaissance about a decade ago did it occur to us that no matter where we encountered this particular basalt, regardless of the elevation above sea level or the number of individual exposures in an area, never more than a single stratal unit was present. Its thickness might be only a few feet, or it might be 40 feet or more, but it always was very clearly one and only one lava flow layer.

Out of our sudden awareness of this reality came a question: Could this layer



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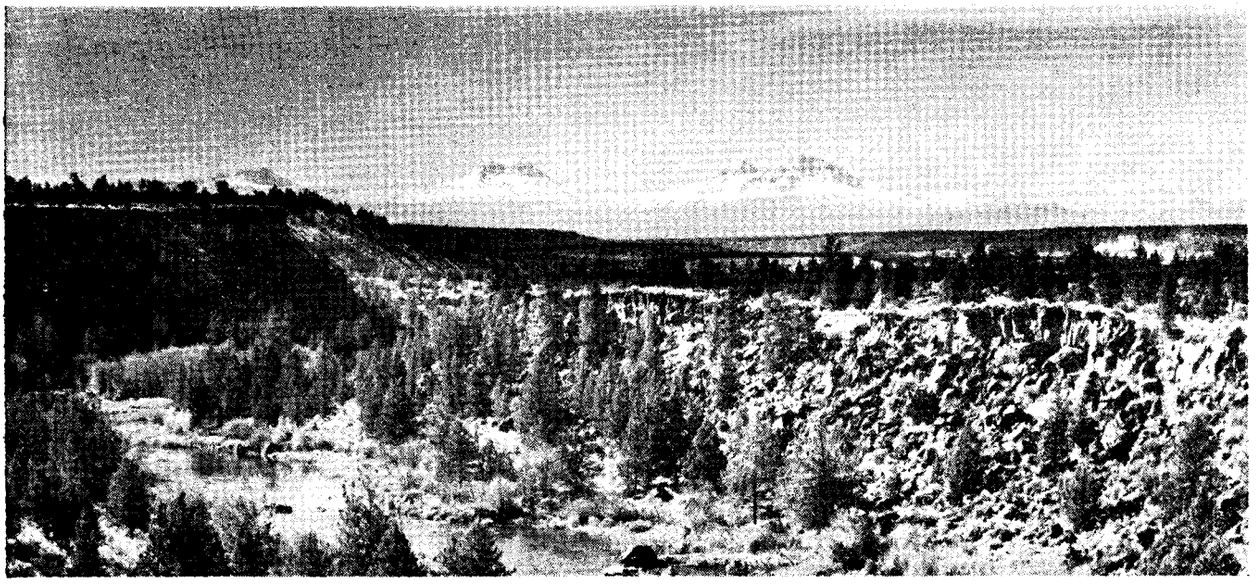

—Oregon State Highway Department.

**The Three Sisters, towering white in background, overlook Deschutes Plain, which is paved with *Mesa basalt*.**

of "jackstraw" rock, vestiges of which were scattered over parts of four states, conceivably be the remains of a single sheet? Could such a sheet have been laid down during one enormous volcanic eruption?

After initially dismissing the idea as preposterous, we later evaluated it as belonging somewhere between the improbable and the impossible. A number of lava flows had been known to travel tens of miles from their sources. J. W. Bingham and M. J. Grolier of the U. S. Geological Survey recently showed that one flow of the Columbia River Basalt succession covered at least 20,000 square miles of southeastern Washington and northeastern Oregon. However, to assign the *Mesa basalt* layer to a solitary eruptive event (even if two or three outbursts in rapid succession were assumed) would be equivalent to saying that the flow was so gigantic that portions of it had come to rest, cooled, and solidified no less than a few hundred miles from the place of eruption. How could any one outpouring of molten rock traverse such a distance before cooling?

In spite of the apparent odds against it, the notion of a continuous *Mesa basalt* sheet nagged our minds in the years that followed, and we found ourselves paying more attention than before to this distinctive lava. We found it of amazingly similar habit regardless of whether it was locally associated with the various other rock types in the region's vast volcanic complex or was completely isolated from them. Invariably it was coarse- and porous-textured, with abundant visible crystals of the green mineral olivine.

Wherever the top of the *Mesa basalt* had escaped removal by erosion, exposures of the layer showed an upper slabby and vesicular (spongy-structured) part, a massive middle zone and a thin, more compact layer or "selvage" at the base. The massive central zone was characterized by irregular barrel-shaped polygonal columns up to several feet in diameter. In widely separated areas where the top of the flow was still preserved, the otherwise remarkably even surface was interrupted by local hummocks or "pressure ridges." Wherever exposures were adequate, these various structures—especially the ever-present barrel-shaped columns—served to distinguish the *Mesa basalt* from the many other basalts present in most areas.

WE also found that although the chemical compositions of many different basalts approximated those of the *Mesa basalt*, samples of the *Mesa* taken from outcrops in Oregon, California, and Nevada varied only slightly from one another. In fact, the compositional variation within the layer at any of the places sampled was as great as that demonstrated in several hundred miles of lateral extent of *Mesa* exposures.

As evidence favoring the concept of a great single sheet of *Mesa basalt* continued to accumulate, we naturally wondered whether our idea was entirely original. Perhaps other geologists had anticipated us. Consulting the scientific literature, we discovered that the geologist who named the *Mesa basalt*—Professor J. C. Merriam of the University of California—in 1910 had described an "extensive sheet of olivine basalt [which] forms the 'rim-rock' of the great Mesas on both sides of . . . Virgin Creek. . . . The table lands covered with this lava cap . . . extend for . . . 15 or 20 miles north and south . . . and the presumption is that this flow reaches a territory much larger. . . ." In 1937, B. N. Moore of the U. S. Geological Survey mapped several areas of *Mesa basalt* over portions of at least sixteen townships in south-central Oregon and provisionally interpreted them as belonging to a single flow. Although he was somewhat unsure of his judgment, it is nevertheless evident that Moore, too, must be credited with the then Bohemian notion that he was being confronted by the erosional residue of an unusually large basaltic lava flow. Perhaps most auspicious, one of Moore's contemporaries in the region, Dr. Howard Powers, who is now director of the Volcano Observatory in Hawaii, concluded that the basalt covering "much of the surface of the Oregon plateau east of the Cascade Range can be correlated with some assurance with the [northern California] basalt . . . and the rock is very consistent in composition, form of occurrence, and geological relations." To a significant degree, then, Powers had anticipated us by more than thirty years.

Although some of the earlier correlations tentatively proposed in the literature suggested a possible original continuity of *Mesa basalt* considerably in excess of 100 miles, there was no appreciation of the total sweep of the erosionally reduced remnants our ever-widening search has uncovered during the last five years. Our recently completed geologic mapping in Oregon reveals at least two areas, each with continuous exposure for more than 100 lineal miles. In central Oregon, the *Mesa* sheet may be kept either under-foot or in virtually continuous view for 150 miles from southwestern Wasco County



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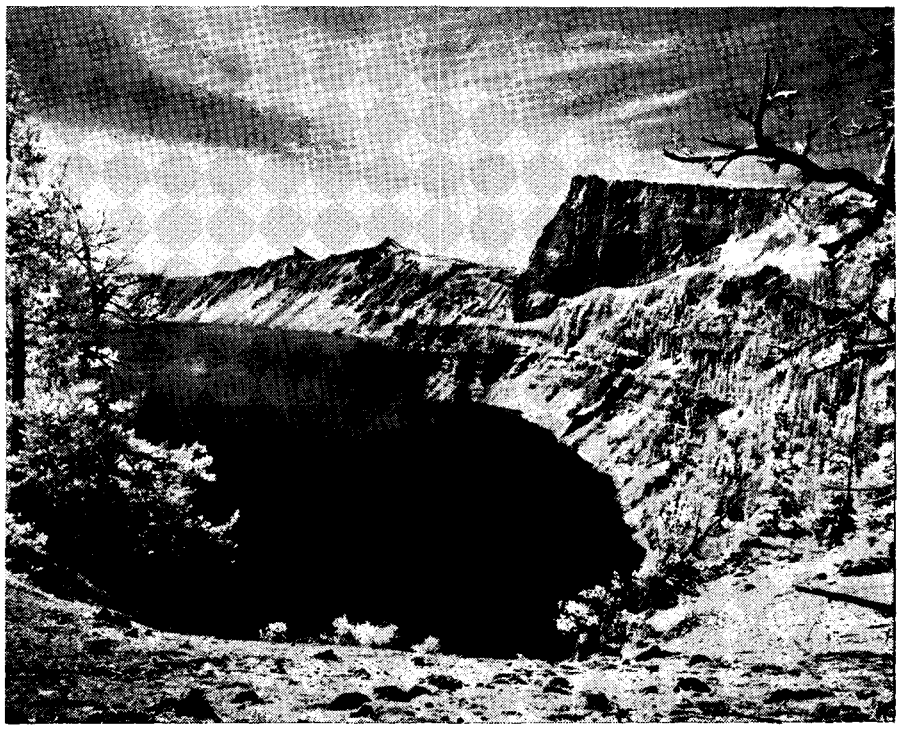

—*Ewing Galloway.*

**Crater Lake, spectacular tourist attraction in Oregon, stands on *Mesa basalt* layer.**

on the east slope of the Cascades to Wright's Point Mesa southeast of Burns in north-central Harney County. *Mesa basalt* exposures are equally continuous from near the southeastern base of Mount Shasta in Siskyou County, California, for a distance of 90 miles southeast across the low crest of the southern Cascades to Susanville in Lassen County. If one will allow five erosional separations of present flow remnants (in which the two largest gaps are only ten and twelve miles), a minimum lateral extent of 250 miles is clearly evident. It should be noted that as a test this allowance is no less rigorous than those demanded of geologists in demonstrating the original extent of "normal" lava flows.

Before the autumn of 1967, we were able to predict where a number of previously unknown vestiges of the *Mesa basalt* could be located. Thus persuaded of the correctness of the one-flow hypothesis, we drew our evidence together in abstract form and presented it to the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics meeting in Zurich. A more complete report was later published in the *Bulletin Volcanologique*, a journal of the International Association of Volcanologists published in Rome.

We are now convinced that what we see of the *Mesa basalt* layer today is only a modest fraction of the original sheet of lava. The major portion of the sheet has been eroded away. The remnants are distributed from near Portland, Oregon, southeasterly to beyond Winnemucca, Nevada, a distance of more than 450 miles. In the northeast-southwesterly direction they occur from near Murphy in the Snake River Valley (south of Boise), Idaho, to near Redding in the northern Sacramento Valley of California. The minimum region encompassed is conservatively estimated at 100,000 square miles. Correcting for its expansion in volume upon reaching the surface and generously allowing for its original absence over about 50 per cent of the region of total extent, the minimum amount of material ejected is conservatively estimated to be in excess of 350 cubic miles.

NOW volcanic rock layers, unlike sedimentary ones, are "fed" from subterranean lava sources. Hence any truly singular bed of flow could not have been extruded from multiple sources widely separated throughout the region. No more than one of the numerous areas of lava exposure interpreted here as *Mesa basalt* flow remnants could be expected to relate directly to a "feeder dike," a volcano, or other eruptive orifice.

Significantly, the literature tells how other geologists long ago also felt compelled to comment on the conspicuous absence of sources for the *Mesa basalt*. Merriam, for example, in his 1910 description of this widespread olivine basalt in the Virgin Valley region near the Nevada-Oregon border, prophetically wrote: "Though dissection . . . has exposed splendid sections of the region formerly covered by the basalt, no dikes or fissures have been observed through which this lava has come to the surface." Referring to the same flow in its widespread occurrence in Modoc County in northeastern California, M. A. Peacock pointed out in 1931 that "visible vents . . . are wholly absent . . . and the many favorable natural sections fail to reveal any . . . trace of central vents."

We ourselves have searched for several years for vents relatable to the *Mesa basalt* in Oregon, northern California, northwestern Nevada, and southwestern Idaho. After many thousands of miles in the field involving a hunt along hundreds of miles of outcrop, we have been forced to the conclusion that these many Mesa flow remnants—unlike the countless volcanic phenomena in the Northwest with obvious local sources—are unrelatable to such sources. Moreover, we have had to envisage the probability that the true eruptive source for this great lava flow lies outside the region of its presently known remnant exposures.

Despite our failure to find the slightest indication of a source for it, we have defined a basaltic lava flow of almost incomprehensibly vast extent and magnitude. So we must ask a question that other geologists, including the one who named the *Mesa basalt,* have asked before us. In noting the absence of any evidence for volcanic vents that might account for the presence of the *Mesa* layer, Merriam commented: "The extent of this flow appears rather remarkable when considered in relation to its thinness. It is difficult to understand how a [uniformly thin] flow could extend itself so broadly."

We confess ourselves no better prepared than Merriam was to explain the mode of long-distance transport of the *Mesa basalt.* We still must ask how (or whether) any lava flow (in the *normal* sense of the term) can remain sufficiently hot and fluid while being spread so widely—especially across a terrain with appreciable topographical relief. Perhaps it will here suffice to point out that the same question was asked by others a few decades ago regarding rather widespread volcanic layers of high silica content. In some (but not all) of these cases, it was shown that the "flows" consisted of ash-like particles; while in motion, these particles were incandescent and highly charged with gases which greatly increased their fluidity. It seems only logical to speculate that the *Mesa basalt* also may not have been a lava flow in the completely conventional sense. But any specific interpretation of its precise eruptive physical condition would be uncertain at present.

ALL volcanic products—like all other materials that accumulate on the earth's surface—finally come to rest under the influence of gravity. We know that all "normal" lava flows, like rivers, flow down-grade. But here again we would be unjustified at this stage to attempt



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interpretation of gravity's role in spreading the *Mesa basalt* layer to the limits of its evident immensity. To begin with, we cannot fix the elevation at which the *Mesa* outflow began until we locate a probable source for the flow.

From multiple observations that we have made at places where the original surface of the *Mesa* layer has been preserved under younger ash falls or sediments, we have reconstructed the *Mesa basalt* sheet in the general form of a mammoth wedge, about 75 feet thick at its northwestern edge near Portland and quite uniformly graded downward as the wedge trends eastward and southward, reaching about 40 feet in the Bend area of central Oregon and 10 feet in the southeasternmost known remnants near Winnemucca and Battle Mountain, Nevada. This consistent graduation in thickness is, incidentally, prime evidence that the now isolated basalt remnants are parts of an originally continuous sheet.

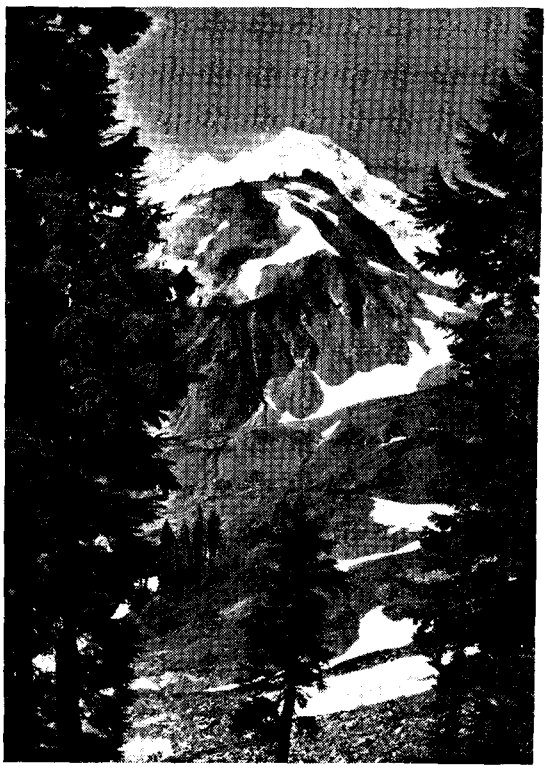
Those unsophisticated in geology might assume that the shape of the wedge alone would automatically determine the direction of flow; that is, that the wedge should thin away from the source. But one notices that the northwestern extremity, where the thick end of the wedge lies, is much nearer sea level than are many of the points on thinner remnants of the *Mesa basalt* sheet to the east and south. Novices then might suppose that because lava has not been known to run uphill, the *Mesa basalt* must have flowed toward Portland and pooled there. However, not the slightest evidence is known for a source for such an eruption in the topographically higher interior. Anyhow, the present-day topography of this region is not at all reliable as a guide to the situation prevailing at the time of the *Mesa basalt* eruption.

The *Mesa* layer is always found above volcanic ashes and sediments radiometrically dated at 5- 7,000,000 years of age. The layer underlies volcanic cones and lava fields believed to be 2- 3,000,000 years old. Hence we estimate that the *Mesa* layer was formed between 2,000,000 and 5,000,000 years ago. We can demonstrate that subsequent movement of the earth's crust has brought about a vertical shift of at least 1,000 feet in a segment of the *Mesa* that is only ten miles long; we can also show comparable tilting and uplift of the *Mesa* sheet in several other places. Such events are almost inevitable concomitants of our interpretation of the evidence, which says that Crater Lake was formed long after the *Mesa basalt* was in place, and that the *Mesa* layer helped to provide a foundation for Newberry Volcano and perhaps for the Three Sisters, Mount Lassen, and Mount Shasta (into the southeastern base of which the *Mesa* sheet dips).

IF the source was not in the Northwestern interior, we could conjecture that it may have been off the present Pacific coast, north and west of Portland. Such a supposition would be in agreement with the fact that extensive volcanic layers commonly, if not normally, thicken toward their sources. But this would leave us with the inescapable condition that much of our estimated total of 350 or more cubic miles of material was transported in apparent defiance of the rule that no liquid flows uphill. From here we could further hypothesize—as some have done in the case of highly silicic volcanic layers—that the eruption may have been so sudden, so copious, and so gas-laden that the effluent welled up above the level of the terrain in the area of eruption and thus created its own gradient for a time.

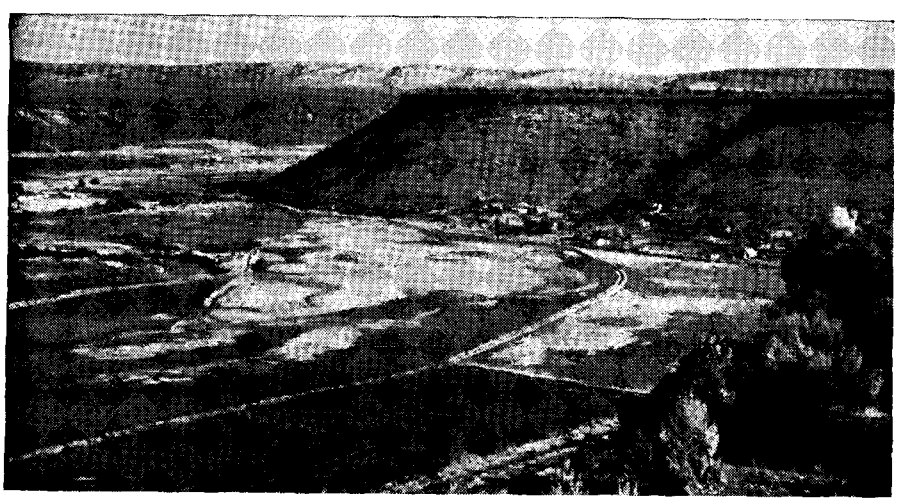
Ideas such as this are sheer speculation. Our scientific objective thus far has been to seek out and record the remarkably consistent, regionally extensive geological data involving a distinctive basalt and the relationships of its many occurrences to one another and to other rocks throughout much of the Pacific Northwest; and further, to determine the implications of those data insofar as such interpretations are statistically justified. The fact of the *Mesa basalt*, we believe, has been established; but unless we or others accumulate a meaningful body of additional data (and mostly of other kinds), any notions as to the location and specific nature of the eruption cannot be taken seriously.

We are confident that, except for some of the strictly air-borne volcanic ashes, the *Mesa basalt* is the most extensive volcanic layer yet described. Much research will have to be done both in the field and laboratory before we can make a reasonable scientific guess as to the mechanics of how the *Mesa* sheet was spread so widely over the Northwest's landscape—whether the source consisted of one huge vent or a group of conduits within a limited space, whether the eruption was essentially continuous or a succession of closely timed bursts, whether the explosion lasted several months or was all over in a few days.



—*Ewing Galloway.*

**Mt. Hood rose from *Mesa basalt*.**



—*Harry E. Wheeler and Howard A. Coombs.*

**Tableland near Prineville, Oregon, is one of many capped by *Mesa basalt*; this same layer of lava covers one in every five buttes, mesas, and plateaus over a stretch of 450 linear miles trending northwest-southeast through Oregon and Nevada.**

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Harry E. Wheeler is professor of geology, University of Washington, Seattle, and a specialist in rock strata. Howard A. Coombs is head of the geology department at the University of Washington; his specialty is volcanology.



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# Letters to the Science Editor

## Deep River

JUST FIVE MONTHS ago I witnessed a modern miracle. The U.S. Navy performed a demonstration dive of the submarine U.S.S. *Atule* in the Mississippi River adjoining the business district of New Orleans. Seeing as John Gilvarry claims, as part of the basis for his article, "The Wind-Shaved Moon," [*SR*, July 6], that the Mississippi River at New Orleans is only 30 feet deep, it was truly amazing! !

A phone call to the U.S. Corps of Engineers certified that the channel depth of the Mississippi River is 190 feet at the foot of Canal Street, New Orleans.

MRS. CHARLES DELLENBACK,
New Orleans, La.

MRS. DELLENBACK IS CORRECT in saying that the depth of the Mississippi River at Canal Street, New Orleans, is 190 feet. At other points in its course through the city, the river may be 200 feet deep. These depths are due to artificial constriction of the channel and consequent scouring of the riverbed.

My intent was not to speak of New Orleans specifically but to give an idea, for comparative purposes, of the depth of the Mississippi at its mouth, which splits into three main channels 95 miles south of the city. These channels are the Southwest Pass (21 miles to the Gulf) with a minimum depth of 40 feet, the South Pass (11 miles to the Gulf) showing a minimum depth of 30 feet, and Pass a Loutre, about 10 feet in minimum depth. Thus the mean minimum depth of the three channels is about 27 feet.

JOHN J. GILVARRY,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

## A Doctor Differs

YOUR SYMPOSIUM on "Science, Technology, and the Law" [*SR*, Aug. 3] is provocative and stimulating. As a surgeon practicing more than seventy miles from the nearest medical school, I am aware of the Washington and Massachusetts decisions you cite.

Although one would never divine it from Professor Dan Dobbs's article, I and most of my colleagues feel a strong sense of responsibility to our patients and try to apply the Golden Rule. Although I honor the ethical and moral principles that obviously inspire Dobbs, perhaps the setting of a busy hospital office and emergency room that takes all comers around the clock gives me a different perspective from that of a professor of law at Chapel Hill. At any rate, I differ with him most of the way.

FIRST, with respect to the cited court decisions: If they are applied nationwide, it will be grossly unfair to physicians outside the great university medical centers. If one grants the premise that the best medicine is practiced in such institutions, one should understand what these unique hospitals have going for them—a highly selective admissions policy, relative overstaffing of physicians, a full range of on-the-spot consultant specialists, and relative freedom from consideration of the economic impact on the patient and his family of extensive diagnostic studies and treatment—a freedom conferred by grants, "teaching beds," and other resources not available in self-sustaining community hospitals.

Anyone who has worked or trained in a university hospital or tried to refer a routine patient to one knows that such centers do not have to face the problems that beset the conscientious physician who struggles as best he can outside the ivory towers to provide care to those who are not good "teaching cases."

SECOND, Professor Dobbs fails to mention the all-but-incredible custom of remuneration of plaintiffs' attorneys. It is hard to discuss "Law and the Sickroom" without touching this base. In times of multi-hundred-thousand-dollar judgments, a system that condones the award of one-third to one-half of such a huge sum to the plaintiff's lawyer is hardly likely to encourage objectivity on the part of said lawyer. The avarice and unscrupulous tactics of many ambulance-chasing attorneys are an integral part of the problem and will be so long as the complexities of illness continue to defeat our imperfect efforts always to get a perfect result with every diagnostic and therapeutic act, and so long as a jackpot of thousands and thousands of dollars tempts aggrieved patient and ambitious attorney to parlay a personal tragedy into a financial windfall.

THIRD, Dobbs's discussion of informed consent fails even to mention the emotional well-being, feelings, and state of mind of the patient who has to give it. Let us consider a young woman who suddenly developes abdominal pain, seems to have acute appendicitis, and faces an emergency operation. What is her frame of mind, as we discuss her treatment and the hazards she faces?

To give this patient at this time a FULL explanation of ALL possible risks from her necessary treatment would take more than an hour. A partial list: aspiration of vomitus and death from general anesthesia, cardiac arrest, paraplegia from spinal anesthesia, becoming decerebrate from ether, hemorrhage, wound abscess, peritonitis, septicemia, urinary retention with kidney and bladder infection, sensitivity to any of her necessary medications with marrow, liver, or kidney failure; post-operative adhesions and intestinal obstruction; post-operative phlebitis; embolization; sensitivity to adhesive tape; wound hernia.

Rather than reciting such a chamber of horrors to the sick patient in full detail, isn't it wiser and kinder to say that there are risks, that we are aware of them and will try to avoid them? Unless she asks for details, isn't this really enough? Will the courts, swayed by law professors and plaintiffs' attorneys, require us to take the whole range of risks and use it on every patient like a club? What about the human dignity of the frightened sick person who has to be fully informed of all the terrors that may lie ahead?

The whole tone of Dobbs's article is hostile and pejorative to the members of my profession. I resent his implying that physicians and surgeons use subtle wily deceptive methods to deprive patients of meaningful choices and that we tell patients "just

*"They can take out my appendix. They can have my kidneys, too. But they can't transplant my loving heart, 'cause that belongs to you."*



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what the doctor thinks worth the bother and no more."

CRAIG LEMAN, M.D.,
Corvallis, Ore.

### First on Fourth

JOHN LEAR'S article, "Public Policy and the Study of Man" [SR, Sept. 7], seems to suggest that Nicholas E. Golovin originated the idea of "a fourth branch of government" for scientific and technical inputs to the planning of public policy. Perhaps Dr. Golovin was not aware that Rexford G. Tugwell proposed the idea in somewhat broader terms to encompass the planning function of government in 1939.

When Tugwell became chairman of the New York City Planning Commission, he reorganized the commission to approach "fourth power" status. When the Board of Estimate and the City Council decided they did not like his plans, they killed the Planning Commission by failing to appropriate money for it. When Congress got mad at Franklin D. Roosevelt, it did the same to FDR's National Resources Planning Board.

JOSEPH M. HEIKOFF,
Professor of Urban Planning,
University of Illinois,
Urbana, Ill.

### *Home From the Moon*

LAST YEAR THE GOVERNMENT of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics made arrangements with the government of India to permit quick recovery of Russian spaceships that might return from beyond earth's atmosphere and land either in the Indian Ocean or somewhere on the Indian continent. A few months ago Russian ocean-going vessels equipped with special gear capable of tracking and recovering spaceships appeared in both the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. On Sunday, September 15, the Russians launched a robot moonship christened Zond 5 from the famous spaceport, Baikonur. On Wednesday, September 18, Zond 5 reached the moon, rounded it at an altitude of about 1,200 miles, and headed back toward earth. At 11:54 a.m., Eastern Daylight Time, on Sunday, September 22, Zond 5 arrived on the outer side of earth's atmosphere in the neighborhood of the South Pole. Fourteen minutes later, the moonship—streaming a parachute behind it—dropped into the waters of the Indian Ocean 2,500 miles east of the southern tip of Africa. A Russian recovery vessel, waiting nearby, picked up the robot traveler. Its position: latitude 32 degrees, 38 minutes south; longitude 65 degrees, 33 minutes east. Zond 5 is the first vehicle ever sent from earth to moon and returned intact.

# *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

### *Collections*

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1968. Edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

BLACK FIRE: An Anthology of Afro-American Writing. Edited by LeRoi Jones and Larry Neal. Morrow. $8.95.

### *Crime, Suspense*

DEATH IN THE QUADRANGLE. By Ellis Dillon. Walker. $3.95.

DON'T OPEN THE DOOR. By Ursula Curtiss. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

IN TIMES LIKE THESE. By Emilie Loring. Little, Brown. $4.75.

MR. SPLITFOOT. By Helen McCloy. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

MURDER ANONYMOUS. By Anthony Gilbert. Random House. $4.50.

SEE NOTHING . . . SAY NOTHING. By Patricia Carlon. Walker. $3.95.

### *Current Affairs*

THE ANATOMY OF A RIOT: A Detroit Judge's Report. By James H. Lincoln. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S BLUEPRINT FOR "FREEDOM." Edited by Paul Ello. Acropolis Books. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.95.

INTERVENTION AND REVOLUTION: The United States in the Third World. By Richard J. Barnet. World. $6.95.

RELIGION AND PUBLIC EDUCATION. By Theodore Sizer. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

### *Fiction*

FOUR CAME BACK. By Martin Caidin. McKay. $5.50.

THE FRIENDS. By Godfrey Smith. Stein & Day. $5.95.

I SWEAR BY APOLLO. By Agatha Young. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

THE LIVELY ANATOMY OF GOD. By Nancy Willard. Eakins. $4.95.

THE NAKED SWORD. By F. W. Kenyon. Dodd, Mead. $5.95.

NIXE. By Herbert Kuhner. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

THE PORNOGRAPHERS. By Akiyuki Nozaka. Knopf. $5.95.

THY DAUGHTER'S NAKEDNESS. By Myron S. Kaufmann. Lippincott. $8.95.

YOUNG VARGAS LEWIS. By Robert Brainard Pearsall. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

### *Literary History, Criticism*

HEMINGWAY'S NONFICTION. By Robert O. Stephens. North Carolina. $8.50.

LAWRENCE DURRELL: A Critical Study. By G. S. Fraser. Dutton. $5.95.

TRAGEDY AND MELODRAMA. By Robert Bechtold Heilman. Washington. $8.95.

WORK OF J. B. S. HALDANE. By Ronald W. Clark. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

### *Miscellany*

THE CHANGING ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Brian Foster. St. Martin's. $6.50.

NEW THINK: The Use of Lateral Thinking in the Generation of New Ideas. By Edward de Bono. Basic Books. $5.95.

THE PERSON IN THE WOMB. By N. J. Berrill. Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE RICH: Are They Different? By George Kirstein. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

THE SEXUALLY ACTIVE MAN PAST FORTY. By Stanley Frank. Macmillan. $5.95.

### *Personal History*

THE BEATLES. By Hunter Davies. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

BIRDLESS SUMMER. By Han Suyin. Putnam. $6.95.

FRAU LOU: Nietzsche's Wayward Disciple. By Rudolph Binion. Princeton. $15.

THE GENEROUS YEARS. By Chet Huntley. Random House. $4.95.

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**BRITISH IMPORT** interested in expiring sublease or new lease, NYC. 1 bedroom apartment furnished or unfurnished. Hopefully $150. Box J-856.

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## VACATIONS

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## TRAVEL

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## TRAVEL

**WHEN A MAN CHOOSES A VACATION RESORT** it must offer a complete change of scene; take him back to nature; be a place where dress is informal but service meticulous; offer plentiful but not compulsory activity; permit him to be his own man, yet keep his family so well occupied with diversions that he does not feel guilty; send him back to work with a sense of exuberant well-being. RANCHO LA PUERTA, the Baja California vacation spa, the biggest health resort (and the biggest vacation bargain) in North America is one of the few playgrounds that will fulfill all these masculine requirements. All resort facilities plus optional health program. All-inclusive winter rate low as $15 per day, American Plan. For color brochure, write RANCHO, Tecate, California (U.S.). Or phone Tecate, Mexico.

**RESERVATIONS CAN BE MADE** by calling the following numbers: Los Angeles—386-3700, San Francisco—392-2411; or call toll free to Los Angeles Office from: San Diego—ZEnith 2-7950, Phoenix—ENterprise 7950; and the San Francisco Office from: Seattle—ZEnith 7950, Portland—Commerce 7950, Sacramento—ENterprise 1-7950, Vancouver, British Columbia—ZEnith 7950, Salt Lake City—ZEnith 7950, Denver—ENterprise 7950.

**CASTLES, FLEA MARKETS.** Delightful European guidebooks. "Castles of the Old World"—300 castles, monasteries, palaces offering hotel accommodations; 13 countries, 144 illustrations, maps, $2.50; "Europe's Flea Markets, Budget Antique Shops"—80 flea markets, 10 countries, street maps, price comparisons, $2.95 postpaid. Both: $5.00. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

**LONDON—KENSINGTON W.8.—ENGLAND.** Housekeeping Suites with private bathrooms, showers, TV, telephone, central heating; restaurant, childminding. Family Suite for 3-6, $13; Double $10; Single $6. Best location—quiet, central, elegant. Clearlake Aparthotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1800

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. There's a legend that she flung herself into the sea for the love of Phaon. | 7 18 28 43 62 69 |
| B. Lamb or kid. | 168 163 159 158 75 46 26 223 |
| C. Composer of *Lakme* and *Sylvia*. | 50 71 165 169 41 73 87 |
| D. Baffle, stump. | 19 23 57 72 191 52 67 |
| E. Enable; commission. | 3 94 184 188 90 109 116 |
| F. Sneezeweed (2 wds.) | 161 152 11 30 40 126 177 209 215 84 |
| G. In a crude or disagreeable manner. | 36 56 92 98 114 220 14 |
| H. Florentine sculptor and architect (1511-1592) who did a statue of Hercules in Padua. | 27 106 137 154 186 208 213 221 |
| I. Sounds pretty bad, but is highly regarded as material for fine grinding and polishing. | 212 199 178 174 145 128 123 117 112 108 93 |
| J. Have recourse or resort. | 104 85 16 5 207 |
| K. Loaded, flush (3 wds.) | 204 197 171 132 121 135 118 12 29 38 |
| L. Valley important in the Gettysburg and Antietam campaigns. | 47 65 74 79 10 22 187 136 167 172 |
| M. Triangular sail used in the Mediterranean. | 200 164 156 133 115 97 |
| N. Novel by Steinbeck (3 wds.) | 129 143 21 32 44 100 218 77 83 89 |
| O. Scoreboard item (2 wds.) | 110 13 51 58 61 |
| P. Affliction or punishment, as from God. | 193 149 202 96 1 34 64 130 147 216 |
| Q. Any legitimate daughter of a Spanish or Portuguese king. | 141 146 103 122 150 81 101 |
| R. Radium emanation. | 222 192 151 179 205 |
| S. Jewfish, for instance. | 206 190 124 181 217 49 6 |
| T. Entire body of blood platelets and their precursors. | 35 203 134 8 138 55 88 125 |
| U. Tract of wasteland. | 210 219 78 144 48 |
| V. American lawyer and statesman (1845 - 1937), author of *Russia and the United States* (full name). | 194 45 201 33 139 162 107 99 113 |
| W. See WORD X. | 170 68 60 20 153 142 66 183 42 |
| X. Followed by WORD W; 1967 film starring Sandy Dennis, from a book by Bel Kaufman (3 wds.) | 189 4 53 2 185 80 15 166 140 |
| Y. Condemn, discountenance. | 102 91 198 120 105 70 25 24 31 |
| Z. He wrote *Lee's Lieutenants*. | 180 148 76 119 17 37 9 |
| $Z^1$. Curse, execration. | 54 59 63 39 82 127 175 95 |
| $Z^2$. Bondage, captivity. | 155 214 86 157 111 182 |
| $Z^3$. A Soviet Socialist Republic on the Baltic. | 211 195 131 176 160 196 173 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.*

| | | | | 1 P | 2 X | 3 E | | 4 X | 5 J | 6 S | 7 A | 8 T | 9 Z | 10 L | 11 F | 12 K | 13 O | 14 G |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 15 X | 16 J | | 17 Z | 18 A | 19 D | | 20 W | 21 N | | 22 L | 23 D | 24 Y | | 25 Y | 26 B | | 27 H |
| 28 A | 29 K | 30 F | 31 Y | | 32 N | 33 V | 34 P | 35 T | | 36 G | 37 Z | 38 K | | 39 $Z^1$ | 40 F | | 41 C | 42 W |
| | 43 A | 44 N | 45 V | 46 B | 47 L | 48 U | 49 S | 50 C | | 51 O | 52 D | 53 X | | 54 $Z^1$ | | 55 T | 56 G | 57 D |
| 58 O | 59 $Z^1$ | 60 W | | 61 O | 62 A | 63 $Z^1$ | 64 P | | 65 L | 66 W | 67 D | | 68 W | 69 A | | 70 Y | 71 C | |
| 72 D | 73 C | 74 L | 75 B | 76 Z | 77 N | | 78 U | 79 L | 80 X | | 81 Q | 82 $Z^3$ | 83 N | | 84 F | 85 J | 86 $Z^2$ | 87 C |
| 88 T | 89 N | | 90 E | 91 Y | | 92 G | 93 I | 94 E | 95 $Z^1$ | 96 P | 97 M | | 98 G | 99 V | | 100 N | 101 Q | 102 Y |
| | 103 Q | 104 J | 105 Y | 106 H | | 107 V | 108 I | 109 E | | 110 O | 111 $Z^2$ | 112 I | 113 V | 114 G | 115 M | 116 E | | 117 I |
| 118 K | 119 Z | | 120 Y | 121 K | 122 Q | 123 I | 124 S | 125 T | | 126 F | 127 $Z^1$ | | 128 I | 129 N | 130 P | 131 $Z^3$ | 132 K | 133 M |
| 134 T | | 135 K | 136 L | 137 H | 138 T | 139 V | 140 X | 141 Q | 142 W | 143 N | 144 U | 145 I | | 146 Q | 147 P | 148 Z | | 149 P |
| 150 Q | 151 R | 152 F | 153 W | 154 H | 155 $Z^2$ | 156 M | | 157 $Z^2$ | 158 B | | 159 B | 160 $Z^3$ | 161 F | | 162 V | 163 B | 164 M | 165 C |
| | 166 X | 167 L | 168 B | | 169 C | 170 W | | 171 K | 172 L | 173 $Z^3$ | 174 I | | 175 $Z^1$ | 176 $Z^3$ | 177 F | 178 I | | 179 R |
| 180 Z | | 181 S | 182 $Z^2$ | | 183 W | 184 E | 185 X | 186 H | 187 L | | 188 E | 189 X | 190 S | | 191 D | 192 R | 193 P | 194 V |
| 195 $Z^3$ | | 196 $Z^3$ | 197 K | | 198 Y | 199 I | 200 M | 201 V | 202 P | 203 T | 204 K | 205 R | 206 S | | 207 J | 208 H | 209 F | 210 U |
| 211 $Z^3$ | 212 I | | 213 H | 214 $Z^2$ | 215 F | 216 P | | 217 S | 218 N | 219 U | 220 G | 221 H | 222 R | 223 B | | | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.



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